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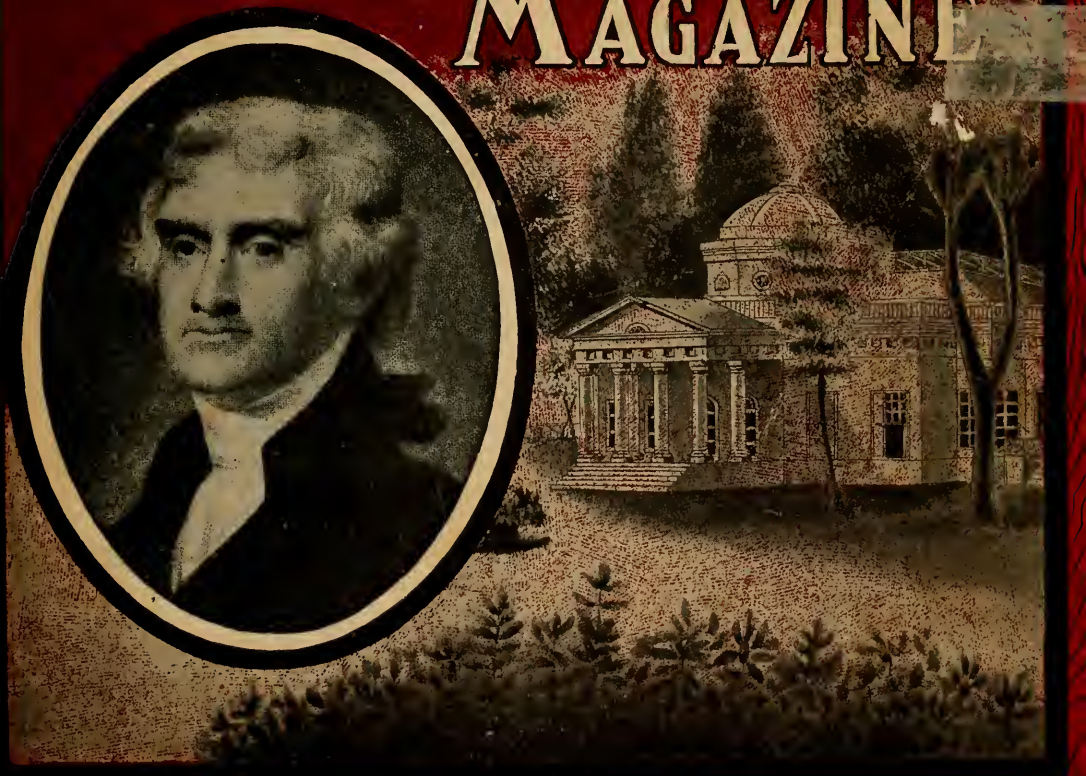
WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE



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THE "DEPENDENT" PARTY

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. II SEPTEMBER, 1908 No. 9

EDITORIALS

The National Campaign

One who studies the platforms of the two leading parties will be profoundly impressed by the earnestness with which their framers sought to please both plutocracy and the people. The Republican Party is, of course, the official representative of the beneficiaries of Special Privilege. During the Civil War, the bankers and manufacturers captured it, and they have owned it ever since. They have used it to create the most infamous system of class legislation that ever prostituted the good name of *Government.*

Mercilessly, and with a ravenous appetite which has constantly grown more greedy, the Special Privilege robbers have plundered the unprivileged masses, until the Republic presents a fearful spectacle of *congestion,*—the wealth of the country glutting the coffers of the few while the millions of producers are left empty handed, despoiled of what they make as fast as they make it.

The millionaires who have become rich on the Special Privileges granted by Congress turned out in force at Chicago. There were a greater number of men *whose fortunes were made by the law* attending the Republican Convention than ever before assembled at a National Convention. The rascals who demand legislation which gives them an ungodly advantage over their fellow men were taking no chances. They either went in person, or they sent their deputies. The Steel Trust was there in person. Its highest officers appeared, issuing orders and seeing to it that these orders were obeyed. The National Banking system was there, in the persons of some of its mightiest magnates. The Manufacturers were there in the flesh,—haughty, confident, arrogant, dictatorial. The great Van Cleave, who has sworn the death of Union labor

and who has raised a campaign fund to make war on the Unions, ruled the platform Committee. It's tariff plank means nothing. "Revision" of schedules may as well mean that duties are to be *raised* as that they are to be lowered. Indeed, Mr. Taft, in his speech of acceptance, has had the astonishing candor to admit that "revision" *may* in certain cases mean a raising of tariff rates.

Which ones,—for God's sake?

To our mind, the mere suggestion that the frightfully oppressive Dingley rates are to be made more oppressive *in any case,* is one of the most convincing proofs that the stand-patters are simply *drunk on power.* They believe that the patient, ignorant, party-lashed American people will *submit to anything;* and that with their money, and their newspapers, and their armed forces, they can go to any length demanded by their law-made plutocracy.

They appear to be supremely indifferent to the ominous rumblings of discontent; they seem to be blind, *blind, BLIND* to the signs of stormy weather which *should be* visible even to the untutored landsman.

Mr. Taft's platform and Mr. Taft himself deserve credit for one thing,—*they are honest.* They tell the country as plainly as need be that no material changes in the governmental policies are to be expected. Our monstrous system of class-legislation is to remain practically unaltered. An occasional thief is to be prosecuted, but the system which breeds this thievery—the system which gives to one man the boundless opportunity and the resistless temptation to rob his fellow man,—is *not* to be abolished. An occasional fly is to be neatly trapped, but the pile of filth which produces its thousands of flies is not to be burnt or buried.

The corporations are to continue to enjoy the privilege of going untaxed; no income or inheritance is to pay tribute to the state; and the sovereign power to tax the private individual is to continue to be used to enrich the corporation.

"Lead the simple life; be content with your lot; be fond of poverty; feast on the happiness of toil; be sure that whatever is, is right; don't object to being robbed so long as there's a law for it; don't call a millionaire a thief when you see him steal a railroad and beggar ten thousand men, women and children; don't try to find out how it is that those who attend to their work, producing wealth, *never accumulate fortunes,* while those who *attend to Congress,* getting the laws made as they wish, amass riches that exceed the extravagance of romancers",—thus speaks the Republican Party to its devoted followers, and the joyful response is *"Hurrah for Taft!"*

* * * * *

Who ever threw away such splendid opportunities as Bryan? In 1890, he was elected to Congress in a Populist district, on the plea that he was a "good enough" Populist. In 1892, he was still a Populist, in all excepting party affiliation. He kept his "regularity" for the rewards it brought him,—for there was never a drop of martyr blood in the veins of W. J. Bryan. A cool, shrewd, worldy-wise calculator he *always* was,—a crafty politician by nature.

In 1896, he was the Populist nominee for President. On the leading planks of our platform he stood with what seemed to be a flat-footed firmness. As to the money question, he was sure of himself. Never under any circumstances would he endorse the gold standard. Never would he forsake constitutional bi-metalism. Never would he support a gold-standard candidate. He would leave the Democratic party first—even though he had to go alone. Rather than lend a hand to the ruin of his country by confederating with those who were putting upon the dear people the crushing yoke of the British money-system, he would serve his God and his country by bolting the party, etc.

(See, "The First Battle" by W. J. Bryan, containing among other fervid things, pledges and promises, the *"crown of thorns—cross of gold"* speech, and a poem by our tuneful sister, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, on the subject of "Nothing is settled until it is settled right.")

How Bryan can read the speeches he made in 1896 without being overcome by shame; how he can read what he published in that ponderous book of his without *tears of bitter regret for lost political virtue,*—is more than we can understand. Perhaps the blush *does* mantle his cheek; perhaps—but really we cannot imagine such a thing as a Bryan blush or a Bryan tear. It would be as easy to fancy Bryan passing some sort of "self-denying ordinance" in favor of somebody else.

In 1904, it is certain that every bit of the forensic power of Mr. Bryan—and *that* is where he is truly strong—was exerted against the Wall Street element of his party. The country rang with his praises because of the magnificent fight he made to save his creed. But he went down in defeat, and he shocked radicalism everywhere *by tendering his sword to the victor.* Had he seized the opportunity presented by the receipt of that "gold telegram," had he sounded the signal of revolt, had he walked out of the convention, calling to every Jeffersonian Democrat, *"Follow me!"*—he would have bounded to a height of power that he will never, never reach. The Parker campaign, supported by nothing but Ryan and Belmont money—*as Bryan knew,*—would have collapsed within a month. Every radical in the Union would have fallen into line for Bryan: the Populists would have put forth no ticket; the Socialist vote would have been cut in half; tens of thousands of anti-Wall Street Republicans would have abandoned their own ticket; the labor vote would have been given almost solidly to Bryan, and he would have been overwhelmingly elected President.

But the fetich of party regularity has been the bane of Bryan's life, in one way, while it has made him rich and powerful in another. Had he gone on the stump with Watson in 1896,—ignoring that absurd creature, Sewall—the South-west would have been won and Bryan elected. But he chose to ignore Watson, and to fondle poor old Sewall—whose son was making speeches for McKinley—and lost out with the Mid-road Populists.

Immediately after the St. Louis convention of 1904, Bryan denounced the Parker nomination as having been "brought about by indefensible methods." He meant that Ryan and Belmont had bought it. So they had. Nobody knew this better than Bryan. There ensued a

brief period of doubt as to whether he would support the ticket. It was not long, however, before a statement was published that Bryan was for Parker. Then he retired into the Yellowstone Park to nurse a sore lung! At least that was what was said. Soon the air was full of rumors of "negotiations." Charles Bryan, our brother, and Tom Allen, our brother-in-law, made mysterious motions, and journeyed to and fro earnestly and very quietly. One could hear of our brother-in-law, Tom, at Chicago, where the Republicans had headquarters. One could hear of our brother, Charles, in New York, where the Democrats had headquarters. One could hear of "propositions",—propositions based on W. J. B.'s saying nothing in the campaign, and propositions based upon his being as voluble as usual. There was even a definite rumor that our mysteriously journeying kinsmen had ultimately bagged $15,000 of the Ryan-Belmont money, and had got off with it, safely, to Nebraska. Recent confessions made by our travelling kinsmen, Charles and Tom, have established the fact that the rumor about the money was not of the sort called idle. The money got to Nebraska, where it disappeared mysteriously, for our kinsmen, Tom and Charles, did *not* obey the Nebraska law which requires that publication be made of the manner in which campaign funds are disbursed.

Yellowstone Park soon yielded up its lung-sore orator, and the whirl-wind business began. In a special train furnished by Ryan-Belmont money, the eloquent reformer, zealous for Parker, began to make sixty-five speeches per day. Or, to speak more accurately, he began to make the same speech sixty-five times per day. Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, were duly thrilled, spell-bound, talked into imbecility, and kept in line for Parker.

Watson, *running on the platform which Bryan had abandoned*, had been about to capture the Bryanites. The Peerless One could not allow that—he would need them again, himself—hence fervid eloquence in the Parker cause—Parker *"the Moses of Democracy."*

Poor Mose.

And that was only four years ago! Bryan swore that just as soon as the Parker nightmare had been thrown off, he was going to "immediately reorganize the Democratic Party" and pitch the Wall Street element out. Didn't he say so? You know he did. But what happened? Nothing. Bryan went right along speaking, speaking, everlastingly speaking,—speaking at Chautauquas, in lecture halls, in fair grounds, butting in at all sorts of public occasions with never a flash of silence to give the wearied ear a rest; shouting into the phonographs, bethumping a helpless universe with words, words, words; even preempting the Sabbath with a sermon on Christ,—deliverable twice on the same Sunday at $500 per.

To say that Bryan has simply talked the Democratic Party into a state of mental prostration is to size up the situation about right. The strong men of the party have stepped aside in disgust. The expression on their faces suggests the question, "Oh *what's* the use?" The little fellows who always run to the loudest bell and always follow the crowd,

are Bryanites heart and soul. At least they think they are, and that comes to the same thing. There was one element in the party that *could* have made a fight on Bryan. It was the Wall Street element. But even the Ryan-Belmont element made no objection, *this time*. And why not? *Because he has become their man!*

He is no longer the people's champion of 1896. He is no *longer* the unwilling captive of 1904. *He is an apostate from his own creed and a convert to theirs.* With all the proverbial zeal of the renegade, he has buckled on the armor to fight their battles.

National Banks? He denounced them in 1896, and approves of them in 1908.

Constitutional Money System? He swore he would never cease to struggle for its restoration in 1896, and now he gives in his adhesion to those who overthrew it.

Asset currency? So late as 1904 he bitterly opposed it: he now favors it, and declares that the Government should create it and *lend it to the banks.*

British Gold Standard? Oh how sublimely ardent was his determination that mankind should *not* be crucified upon a cross of gold!

And *now* he is chief among those who cry, *"Give us Barabbas!"*

Even the Republicans declare in favor of Postal Banks. Bryan makes his demand for them conditional. If he cannot perpetuate the National banks with a governmental guaranty, he *then* favors Postal Banks. But first of all, give him National banks!

When he came back from Europe and spoke his piece in Madison Square Garden, he proclaimed his adherence to the principle of Government Ownership. But the Wall Street element growled, and Bryan flunked. He vociferously championed the Initiative and Referendum, but there isn't a word about it in his platform.

No wonder Judge Parker came away from Denver promising his support to Bryan. No wonder the Wall Street element is pacified. In his burning ambition to be President, Bryan has gone on his knees to Wall Street, allowing the millionaires to tie him hard and fast.

Mr. Bryan's eagerness to win New York, Ohio and Indiana has caused him to push to extremes the contemptuous indifference with which the average politician of other sections regards the South. Upon the theory that the Southern people *must* vote the Democratic ticket, no matter what the platform or who the nominees, Mr. Bryan has done some amazing things.

He denied the South the second place on the ticket,—a concession which even the Wall Street element made in the Parker campaign. He has put forth a cabinet in which he deprives the South of the two great Departments now held by her under a Republican President,—the War Department and the Attorney-Generalship—and gives her instead two minor places, the Post Office Department and the Secretaryship of Agriculture.

In other words, Mr. Bryan has been frank enough to tell the South that she has much less to expect from him than has been promised by Taft and actually given by Roosevelt!

In the nomination of the inconsequental Kern for Vice-President, Mr. Bryan has made a daring experiment with the Prohibition Democrats of the South. Kern's record puts him with the saloon element, and he is the regular attorney of the Brewer's Combine of Indiana.

Mr. Bryan, himself, is coquetting with the whisky element in Ohio, dodged the Prohibition Campaign in Lincoln, Nebraska, *this year,* has never uttered a word against the bar-rooms, voted against Prohibition

THE DONKEY· "WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT?"

the only time he was ever brought to book on the question, *and stumped Nebraska against Prohibition in 1889.*

Consequently, the selection of Kern, Tom Taggart's tool, was a bold defiance of Southern sentiment. Bryan believed that Kern would better his chances for carrying Indiana, and so the South was flouted. *Indiana is doubtful;* therefore she must be treated with distinguished consideration. The South is *not* doubtful: she *must* go Democratic,—therefore she can be slighted and insulted with impunity.

Full of this idea, that the South is politically helpless and incapable of resentment, Mr. Bryan has catered to the negro vote.

The African leaders are incensed against Roosevelt and Taft because of the Brownsville affair, because of the non-enforcement of the 14th and 15th amendments, because the Foraker bill for the restoration of the negro troops did not pass, and because the Republicans have acquiesced in the Southern disfranchisement laws.

Leading negroes have visited Mr. Bryan at his home and have been cordially received. The glad hand has been given them; also fried chicken on the lawn. The dusky delegations have come away from

FRIED CHICKEN ON THE FAIRVIEW LAWN

Fairview gushing with glee. They impetuously break into print and proclaim their conversion to Bryan.

What has Mr. Bryan been saying to these negroes?

The South has a right to know.

For thirty years we have been striving to free the politics of the land from negro umpirage. Bryan is bidding for the negro vote of the North *by taking the anti-Southern side* on those questions concerning which the negroes are dissatisfied with Roosevelt and Taft. Will the South allow Mr. Bryan to get the negro vote of the North *in that way?*

We do not believe she will. Particularly, since the record shows that Bryan, in 1891, threw away his caucus vote, after his candidate,

Springer, has quit the race, *upon the ground that he could not afford to vote for the ex-Confederate soldier, Crisp.*

Every white voter in the Southern states ought to be told that Bryan sent positive instructions to the West Virginia convention *not* to put into the Democratic platform of that state a plank demanding the disfranchisement of the negroes. *The convention ignored his orders, and adopted the plank.*

* * * * *

The Populist candidates, Watson and Williams, have been officially notified, the one in Georgia and the other in Indiana, and at both ceremonies there was a very large and enthusiastic attendance. Mr. Watson has since addressed great audiences in Georgia, and Mr. Williams has had magnificent meetings in his own state.

The Populist Platform is substantially the same as that which the Farmer's Alliance made so familiar to the country. It represents practically the identical principles advocated by Peter Cooper and the heroic old Greenbackers. *Our* creed does not change every four years, but remains unaltered—because it *is* a gospel, and not a vote-catching makeshift.

* * * * *

The Prohibitionists, following precedent, have put out a ticket which will no doubt poll a good vote. We do not believe it is possible, however, for this national ticket to come anywhere near polling the full Prohibition strength. In the first place, there are tens of thousands of Democrats and Republicans who will vote against the saloons when that issue their own parties have tickets in the field. Again, there are tens of thousands of citizens who will vote against the saloon, who will *not* go to the extreme of abolishing malt and alcoholic liquors altogether.

* * * * *

The Socialists are running, again, their able and consecrated leader, Eugene Debs. The Jeffersonian has the highest respect for Mr. Debs. We believe him to be a man of the hero type,—one who would go to the stake for a conviction. The plutocrats might as well realize that he is a force to be reckoned with,—for he isn't afraid, and he can't be bought, *and he will be heard.* The truth is, Debs at heart is a Populist, and therein lies his strength. *The Socialists win votes by talking Populism.* They never win any by talking Socialism.

* * * * *

In this prosaic, matter-of-fact nineteenth or twentieth century,—whichever it is—could any person of reasonable sanity have supposed that a millionaire proprietor of a half-dozen newspapers would take it into his head *to own a political party*, as a help to his newspapers, and as an asset to be bargained first to one and then to the other of the two old parties? Could anybody have imagined that this millionaire proprietor of many newspapers would *take out a copyright* on the name of his "party," would assign to duty in this "party" *his own employees*, would finance its conventions, select its committees, *solemnly choose himself for "Chairman," and run a member of his editorial staff on the presidential ticket?*

We note with interest and pleasure that Mr. Hearst has assigned to the responsible position of Secretary to his "Committee," the smooth and genial C. A. Walsh, sometimes Iowaian. For the last two years, Brother Walsh has been gum-shoeing around, stringing upon his list every old Populist that the charmer could charm. It is the fond belief of the Hearstites that they can scoop the Pops, and put them where they will be *the political property of William R.*

To facilitate the scooping process, the Hearstites have dropped the platform which they made at Indianapolis, *in January of this year,* and have swiped the platform of the Populists.

The impudence of this scheme to hoodwink and entrap the Pops would be tamely described were it called brazen. We thought it was bad enough for the Democrats to change platforms every four years, but the Hearst crowd change twice in one year. *Anything to get the coon, you know.* Take away from the so-called "Independence Party" the men who are on the Hearst pay-roll; take away Hearst and his money and his papers,—and there wouldn't be enough left to elect a constable.

Principles? It would be a mockery of the word to apply it to this motley make-up of the politically homeless, the politically dead, the financially hungry, the Hearst pay-rollers, the Hearst editors, the Hearst disbursing officers, and the Hearst leg-pullers. Two "platforms"—the one on the opposite side of the other,—*inside of six months!* And they have the effrontery to talk about their *Principles!*

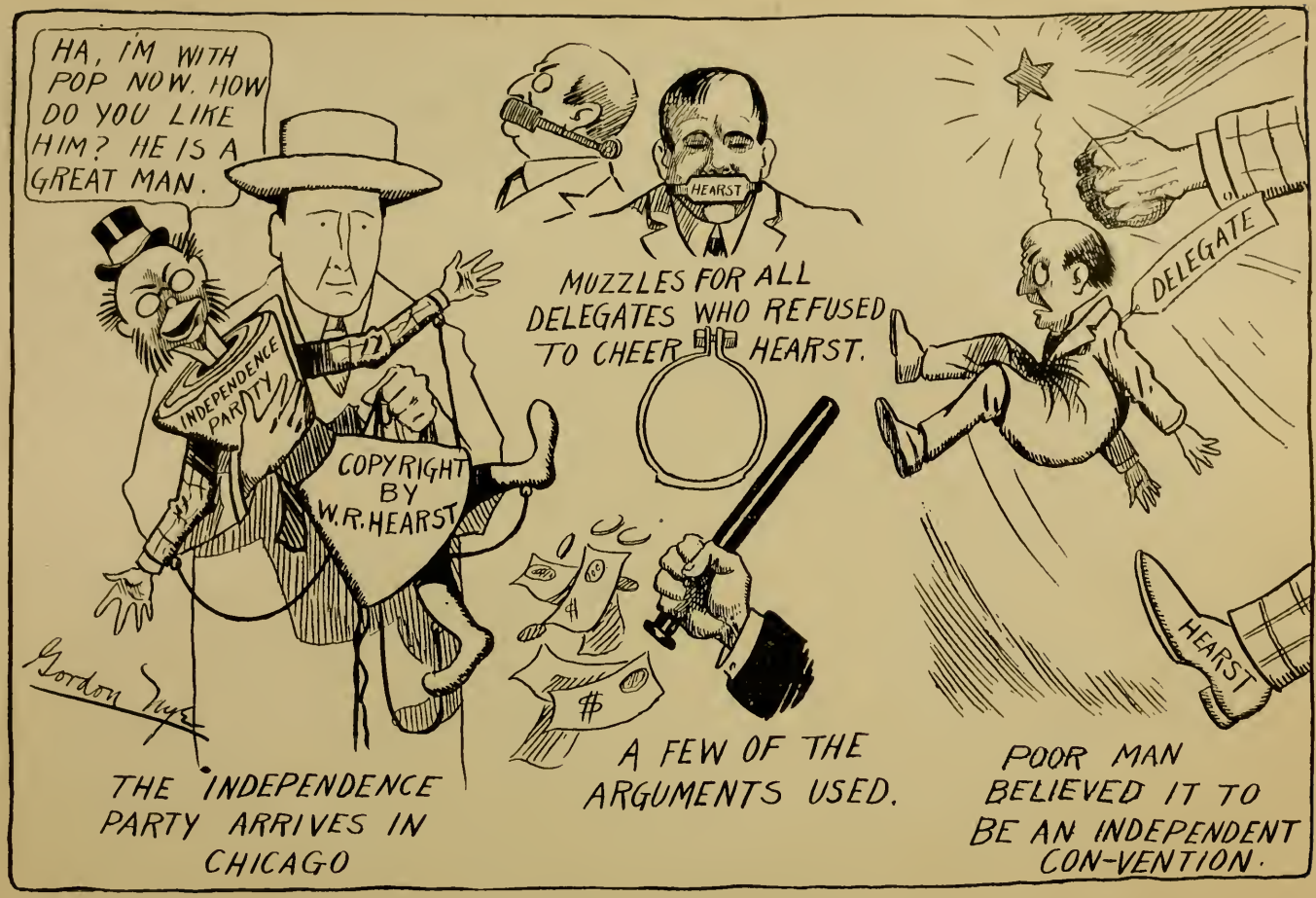
Mr. Hearst has much to learn about *country* people. Few of them are for sale, and few of them can be taken in quite so easily as he seems to think.

Within two years, Mr. Hearst, who now denounces both the old parties, has been in co-partnership with both. Within two years Mr. Hearst who now pats Labor on the back and assails the courts, has patted the courts on the back and assailed Labor. Within two years, Mr. Hearst has championed the most vicious of the class-legislation which he now condemns, and has been one of the stanchest supporters of the Wall Street idea of finance. Railing at Ryan and Belmont almost every day of the year, he is an ally of Harriman and not an editor or cartoonist on the Hearst staffs dares to say one word against the man who is possibly the most dangerous Wall Street criminal that ever looted a railroad, gutted an Insurance Company, or swindled the public with watered stock.

For two years the press of the country has been busy with the crimes of Harriman,—the man whose shameless stock juggles have been a national scandal; the man who defied the Interstate Commerce Commission and still defies it by refusing to answer its questions; the man whom the President has denounced and whom the Department of Justice threatens,—but the public would never have learned a thing about it had the public depended upon the Hearst papers for information.

Why are the Hearst editors afraid to tell the truth about Harriman?

We imagine that this question will bother the Hearst Pay-roll Party a good deal during the campaign.



THE HEARST CONVENTION.

The Congressional Mileage Grab

Previous to the regular session of Congress in 1905, there had been an extra session. This extra session continued until it ran into the next regular session. Between the extra session and the following regular session there was no interval whatever,—not an hour of time elapsed between the end of the extra session and the beginning of the regular session, not half an hour, not one minute.

But the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, was very anxious to make some appointments,—two especially, in favor of General Wood and Dr. Crum,—therefore he was advised that although no actual recess had been taken by Congress between the extra session and the regular session, there was, in law, *a constructive* recess. This rich idea no doubt bloomed from the fertile brain of Elihu Root. At any rate, the President adopted the view that, *in legal contemplation*, there had been a recess, and he gave to General Wood and Dr. Crum the benefit of recess appointments.

Certain members of Congress decided among themselves that if there had been a constructive recess of Congress, they were entitled to a mileage back home, and then from home back to Washington, *just as though they had visited their homes during a recess.* Consequently, they actually voted in favor of paying themselves mileage for an imaginary visit home, said imaginary visit being made during a recess which never took place. Sixty odd Republicans and forty odd Democrats, *two Union Labor men,* voted to give themselves $190,000 of the people's money to pay their imaginary expenses incurred on an imaginary journey home during an imaginary recess!

This shameful measure actually passed through the lower house. The Senate killed the bill, not because the Senate is any better than the House,—for it isn't,—but because the appropriation was for the benefit of the House only.

The people ought to keep the names of these rascals constantly in view. The men who voted for that piece of legislative robbery would steal the gold plugs out of a dead man's teeth. Whether Republicans or Democrats, they are not fit to represent any American constituency whatever, unless it be in the penitentiary.

THE MILEAGE ROLL OF DISHONOR.

VOTED AYE.

Republicans.

Adams, Wis.
Beidler, O.
Bishop, Mich.
Birdsall, Iowa.
Bonynge, Col.
Brandegee, Conn.
Brooks, Col.
Brown, Wis.
Brownlow, Tenn.
Burke, S. D.
Cromer, Ind.
Crumpacker, Ind.
Cushman, Wash.
Daniels, Cal.
Davis, Minn.
Dovener, W. Va.
Draper, N. Y.
Dresser, Pa.
Fordney, Mich.
Gardner, N. J.
Gillett, Cal.
Graff, Ill.
Grosvenor, O.
Hamilton, Mich.
Hemenway, Ind.
Howell, N. J.
Howell, Utah.
Hull, Iowa.
Humphrey, Wash.
Hunter, Ky.
Jones, Wash.
Kennedy, O.
Knopf, Ill.
Kyle, O.
Lorimer, Ill.
Loudenslager, N. J.
McCleary, Minn.
Mann, Ill.
Marshall, N. D.
Martin, S. D.
Minor, Wis.
Morgan, O.
Overstreet, Ind.
Patterson, Pa.
Rodenberg, Ill.
Sherman, N. Y.
Smith, Iowa.
Smith, N. Y.
Snapp, Ill.
Southard, O.
Southwick, N. Y.
Spalding, S. D.
Sterling, Ill.
Sulloway, N. H.
Tawney, Minn.
Van Voorhis, O.
Weems, O.
Wachter, Md.

Democrats.

Aiken, S. C.
Bell, Cal.
Breazeale, La.
Broussard, La.
Dawey, La.
Dinsmore, Ark.
Dougherty, Mo.
Emerich, Ill.
Fitzgerald, N. Y.
Foster, Ill.
Goulden, N. Y.
Griffith, Ind.
Hill, Miss.
Houston, Del.
Hughes, N. J.
Hunt, Mo.
Legare, S. C.
McAndrews, Ill.
McDermott, N. J.
McNary, Mass.
Maynard, Va.
Miers, Ind.
Pujo, La.
Rainey, Ill.
Richardson, Tenn.
Rider, N. Y.
Robb, Mo.
Robinson, Ind.
Ryan, N. Y.
Shober, N. Y.
Shull, Pa.
Snook, O.
Sullivan, Mass.
Wilson, N. Y.

Union Labor.

Livernash, Cal.
Wynn, Cal.

DODGED.

Republicans.

Conner, Iowa.
Lefean, Pa.
Landis, Ind.
Miller, Kan.
Zenor, Ind.

Democrats.

Harrison, N. Y.
Scudder, N. Y.

Hearst Against the Farmers

The farmers who are being asked to join Mr. Hearst's preposterous Independence Party will please sit up and take notice of the fact that Hearst is strongly opposed to high-priced cotton. See the leading editorial in August 10th issue of the N. Y. *American,* the Hearst paper which the amiable and brilliant John Temple is paid $15,000 per year to edit.

In this editorial, Mr. Hearst "goes after" young Livermore, the man who has cornered cotton and sent the price up. Inasmuch as Livermore has not yet been able to advance the price to eleven cents, those farmers who wanted fifteen cents last year, and who want twelve this year, are worse than the bad Livermore. Mr. Hearst and his high-priced editors (Brisbane, $47,500 per year; John Temple Graves, $15,000) should study the cotton situation before they go too far in denouncing those who want better prices for cotton.

Between the sum at which the spinner buys a bale of cotton and the sum for which he sells the cotton cloth there is a difference so great that the spinner can take his goods to China and sell them there in competition with free-trade England.

Says Mr. Hearst:

"Every advance in the price of cotton means the advance in the price of cotton fabrics that poor women and children must have to clothe themselves."

Then why not advocate the removal of the enormous tariff duties which keep out the cheaper fabrics of free-trade England? Why not, by putting cotton fabrics on the free list, compel the spinners to give to *our* poor women and children the same low prices which these same spinners give to the poor women and children of China and Japan?

And why not, by enforcing the anti-trust laws, compel the spinners to lessen the difference between what they pay for a bale of cotton and what they demand and get for the cloth made from it?

Answer to Booker Washington

THE NEGRO RACE COMPARED TO THE LATINS

(*Reprinted by request. From June, 1905, number New York Watson's Magazine.*)

With statistics one can prove many things—the conclusion arrived at depending, in all cases, considerably upon the man behind the figures.

This time the man behind the figures is Doctor Booker Washington—may his shadow never grow less!

In the course of a recent lecture, the learned Doctor laid down the proposition that the black man is superior to the white, and he proved it—proved it by statistics.

He said that there is 85 per cent. of illiteracy among the Spaniards, while there is only 54 per cent. of illiteracy among the negroes; therefore the negroes are clearly more advanced in civilization than the Spaniards.

Poor old Spain!

The learned Doctor further demonstrated that there is 65 per cent. of illiteracy among the Italians; therefore the negroes are far ahead of Italy. Russian illiteracy being 70 per cent. the black man takes precedence of the land of Peter the Great, Skobeleff, Gorky, Turgenef and Tolstoy. South America having an illiteracy of 80 per cent., falls far to the rear of the negro—and Castro must add this additional kick to the many he has already received from North America.

Proud of his statistics, Doctor Booker Washington exclaims: *"The negro race has developed more rapidly in the thirty years of its freedom than the Latin race has in one thousand years of freedom."*

That's a bold statement, Doctor.

To say nothing of its accuracy, may it not have been an unwise thing for you to claim that the black man has risen during thirty years more rapidly in the scale of civilization than the whites have risen in a thousand?

True, you confine yourself to the Italians, the Spaniards, the Russians and the South Americans, but when you say the darkest of all the colored races is superior to that great section of the white race named by you, does it not occur to you that you may create a feeling of resentment among *all* the whites?

You have thousands of true friends throughout the entire country—white men who have most generously helped you in your work, helped you with money, with moral support and with a certain amount of social recognition. Your admirers refer to you as a great man. They allude

to your work as a great work. The South helps you with appropriations, just as the North helps you with donations. We want to see you succeed in building up your race.

But have you a single white friend who will endorse your statement that the black race is so superior to the whites that it can do in one generation what it required the whites a thousand years to do?

Do you imagine that your friends, President Roosevelt, Mr. Carnegie, Dr. Hart, Bishop Potter, and others, will like you better when they hear you putting forth a claim to race superiority? Doctor, you have over-shot the mark.

Whenever the North wakes up to the fact that you are teaching the blacks that they are superior to the whites, you are going to feel the east wind.

What do you mean by racial development, Doctor?

Apparently your standard of measurement is illiteracy. That is to say, if a greater number of negroes than of Spaniards can read, then the negro has achieved a higher plane in civilization.

Is that your idea? Does the ability to read constitute race development?

According to that, a million negro children attend school twelve months and become "civilized" because they have learned to spell his way to "*baker*" the first two-syllable word in the old Webster's Spelling book and read "Mary had a little lamb."

Does it not strike you, Doctor, that such a measure might be delusive?

In making up your tables of illiteracy, why didn't you include *all the negroes,* as you included *all* the Italians, *all* the Spaniards, *all* the Russians?

Why leave out your home folks in Africa, Doctor?

Why omit Santo Domingo and Haiti?

If you will number *all* the negroes, Doctor, your percentage of illiteracy *among the blacks* may run up among the nineties, and knock your calculation into a cocked hat.

* * * * *

In the West Indies God poured His blessings with lavish hand upon the island of Haiti. The French went there and built up a civilization. The Revolution of 1789 freed the negroes who were held in slavery by the whites, and civil war soon followed.

The blacks outnumbered the whites and the climate was their ally. Yellow fever did for them what frost did for the Russians when Napoleon struck at their Czar. They achieved freedom, and they have had it, not for thirty years, but for a hundred years.

What have your people done with their freedom in Santo Domingo, Doctor? Back, back into barbarism, voodooism, human sacrifice, social and political anarchy they have plunged; and their history is one long blood-stained record of backsliding from the standard which the French had already established. Even now your black brethren in Santo Domingo are beseeching the white man of the United States to do that which they are unable to do—administer national affairs. In self-defense

this Government may have to treat Santo Domingo as Great Britain treats Jamaica, both governments acting upon the demonstrated fact that the blacks, *left to themselves,* are incapable of self-government and race development.

* * * * *

But before entering into a comparison of racial progress, Doctor, it is in order to note the fact that you accredit the negro with only thirty years of freedom. Why, Doctor, *the negro race, as a race, has enjoyed just as long a period of freedom as the Celts, the Latins, the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavs.*

The black race in Africa was as free as the Indian race in North America.

During the thousand years in which the whites were painfully creating the civilization which *you* now enjoy, *your* race, in its native home, was doing pretty much the same things which the red race was doing in North America. Your people were running about in the woods, naked, eating raw meat, eternally at war—tribe with tribe—steeped in ignorance, vice and superstition, with an occasional lapse into human sacrifice and cannibalism.

Your race, as a race, is free now in Africa, as it has been since the dawn of history—where is the civilization which it worked out for itself? It does not exist; it never did exist.

The negro has been absolutely unable to develop as a race *when left to himself.* Nowhere, at any time, has he developed a system of agriculture, or commerce or manufactures, made headway in mining or engineering, or conceived a system of finance. Never has he produced a system of laws, institutions of state, religious organization, or worked out a political ideal. Never has he created a literature, or developed original capacity for the fine arts. His foot has never even crossed the threshold of the world of creative painting, sculpture, music, architecture. Into the realms of science, in the domain of original thought, in the higher reaches of mental power where the human mind grapples with vast problems, material and spiritual, the problems of time and eternity, the negro has never entered. No word has ever fallen from his lips that was not the echo of what some white man had already said. He has sometimes *put his foot in the white man's track,* but that is the best he has ever done.

* * * * *

Compare this imitative race with the great Latin stock—a stock from which sprang Rienzi and Garibaldi, Cavour and Napoleon, Da Vinci and Galileo, Savaronola and Leo the Tenth, Titian and Bellini, Raphael and Michael Angelo.

The Latin race, whether in Spain, Italy or South America, has developed systems of agriculture, finance, commerce, manufactures, education, religion, government—has created literature, laws and institutions of state, has evidenced capacity in science and art.

* * * * *

The negroes superior to the Latins?

Heavens above!

During the thousand years which Doctor Washington says the Latins have done less than the negroes have done in thirty, Spain rose into world-power, dominated the European Continent, shook England's throne to its base, broke the Turkish scimitar in the great sea-fight of Lepanto, evolved a splendid literature, reached the highest development in the Fine Arts, launched Columbus upon his voyage into unknown seas to test the suggestion of another Latin—Toscanelli—and thus took the first daring step in that marvelous chapter of Discovery whose sober facts are grander and stranger than Romance.

Has the learned Doctor ever studied the history of Mexico—the Latin country south of us?

Since a foreign yoke was thrown off and Mexico "found herself," what country has made nobler progress?

The negro in Santo Domingo has had a hundred years of freedom; Mexico scarce half so many; yet *compare the Mexico of today with the Santo Domingo of today.* Left to themselves, the Latins of Mexico have built up a magnificent civilization.

Left to themselves, the negroes of Santo Domingo have destroyed what the French had already built.

In Mexico conditions get better, year after year.

In Santo Domingo conditions grow worse, year after year.

If the learned Doctor wants to make a study in contrasts, let him first read "Where Black Rules White," by Hesketh Prichard, and then read "The Awakening of a Nation," by Charles F. Lummis, and I venture to say that some of his cocky self-complacency as to the superiority of the negroes over the whites will ooze out of him.

* * * * *

As to Italy—can it be that Italy has done less in a thousand years than the negroes have done in thirty?

The greatest man that ever lived was of Italian extraction. Taine says that Napoleon was a true Italian in character and intellect. If that be true, then *the two greatest men the world ever saw* were Italians. Wherever the civilized man lives today his environment, his thoughts, his ideals, his achievements are more or less influenced by the life and work of Caesar and Napoleon.

If any two men may be said to have created the material modern world those two Latins did it.

If modern Europe is any one man, it is Napoleon. His laws, schools—social, political, financial, educational institutions—have wrung from rulers ever since the homage of imitation.

In literature how illustrious is Italy!

It was Petrarch who was "the Columbus of a new spiritual atmosphere, the discoverer of modern culture."

It was he who broke away from monkish medievalism, created the humanistic impulse, treated "man as a rational being apart from theological determination," modernising literature.

The "short story" writers of fiction—Edgar Poe, Guy de Maupassant and Kipling—had their teacher in Boccaccio and his *novella.*

Modern history traces its methods, its spirit and its form to Villani, Guicciardini, and that wonderful type of Latin genius Machiaevelli.

The whole world goes to school to the Latins!

No painter hopes to excell Correggio, Paul Veronese, Antonio Allegro, Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Valasquez, Murillo, Raphael, Titian, Giorgione, and Michael Angelo. No sculptor expects to eclipse Niccolo of Pisa, Giovanni, Orcagni, Verocchio, Torrigiano, Luca della Robbia, Michael Angelo, and Canovax.

No worker in gold, silver and bronze believes he can surpass Ghiberti, Cellini and Donatello.

Architects the world over despair of rivaling Alberti, Bramante, Giulo Romano, Palladio.

These masters were masters to their own generation, four and five hundred years ago; they have been masters ever since; they are masters still.

Wherever civilization extends its frontiers these deathless Latins are in the van—teaching what Truth and Beauty are, refining the thoughts, elevating the ideals, improving the methods, inspiring the efforts of man.

The negroes have done more than this, and in thirty years?

Absurd!

* * * * *

You had forgotten the Renaissance, hadn't you, Doctor?

Asia was decaying, Africa was in its normal state of savagery, Europe lay torpid under the weight of ignorance and superstition. Where learning existed at all its spirit was dull, its form heavy, its progress fettered by ancient canons and cumbrous vestments.

Suddenly the Angel of Light—her face a radiance, her presence an inspiration—puts a silver trumpet to her lips and blows, blows, till all the world of white men hears the thrilling notes.

And lo! there is a resurrection! What was best in the learning of the past becomes young again.

Literature springs to life, throws off antiquated dress, and takes its graceful modern form. The fine arts flourish as never before; the canvas, the marble, the precious metal, feel the subtle touch of the eager artist, and give birth to beauty which is immortal. The heavy prison-castle of the Frank, the Goth, the Norman, the Anglo-Saxon, retires abashed before the elegant, airy, poetic palace of the Renaissance.

Nor does the revival of learning limit itself to literature, archiculture, to religion, to education.

Whence came the Renaissance, Doctor Washington? Whence came tecture, painting and sculpture. It extends to law, to commerce, to agrithat mighty revival of intellectual splendor which still influences the world? *From the Latin race, which you affect to despise.*

Italy led the modern world in almost everything which we call civilization—she is today one of the world's most inspiring teachers, nor will her power for good be gone till the Christian religion is repudiated,

the voice of music hushed, the wand of literature broken, the force of law defied, the witchery of art lost to the minds, the hearts and the souls of men.

And yet Doctor Washington asserts, to one audience after another, that those glorious achievements of the Latins, the Italians, these imperishable and ever potent achievements of a thousand years, are exceeded by what the negroes have done in thirty years!

From the Latin, England took her religious organization, as Germany and Austria and France had done. Through the Latin, the classic literature of Greece and earlier Rome came into the Modern world—an eternal debt which we owe mainly to Petrarch.

The Bourbon kings imported from Italy the architects, painters, sculptors, landscape gardeners, who laid upon uncouth feudal France the rich mantle of Italian beauty.

It was the Latin who taught modern Europe how to farm, how to irrigate, how to engrave, how to make paper from rags, how to bridge the rivers, how to pave the streets, how to make canals.

Some of Shakespeare's plays are elaborations and dramatizations of Italian *novellas*. Chaucer, the father of English poetry,—frankly copied from the Italian model.

Milton had Dante for a pioneer, Spencer had Ariosto, and Byron's best work is in the Italian form.

I presume, Doctor, that at this season of the year you are copying the style of the white man, and that you are wearing a straw hat.

Well, the Latins taught us how to make straw hats.

I presume that you recognize the value of *glass*—one of whose hundreds of uses is to show you how you look.

Well, the Latin taught us how to make glass.

I presume that you realize how much the modern world, during the last thousand years, has been indebted to the modern ship.

Well, the Latin taught the Anglo-Saxon how to build modern ships.

I presume you appreciate good rice, Doctor.

Well, the seed of the heavy upland rice which we have in this country was brought out of Italy in the pockets of Thomas Jefferson—gentleman-smuggler in that instance.

I presume you will wear pink silk undergarments this season as usual, won't you, Doctor?

Well the Latin taught modern Europe how to make and use silk.

And remember that the Latin took the clumsy musical instruments of the ancient world and fashioned them into the perfect forms of the present time; and that the Italians, whom you scorn, had created the violin while your race was "rattling the bones" and gradually climbing toward the "cake-walk."

I must assume, Doctor, that you recognize the vast benefit to the world *of steam applied to navigation*.

Well, had you been in Barcelona, in the year 1543, you might have seen the Spanish Captain, Blasco de Garay, giving to the Emperor, Charles V., and his court the most remarkable exhibition of a ship of

200 tons *being driven over the water by steam power*—a boiler and wheels being used for the first time in the history of the world to navigate a vessel.

* * * * *

What has the negro in these United States been doing for the last thirty years, Doctor?

COPYING THE WHITE MAN. That's all.

He has simply been imitating, as best he could, the dress, the talk, the manners, the methods, the work of the whites.

The Latin whites *originated* a civilization; the negroes are *copying one.* Is there no difference between the higher genius which conceives and the lower talent which copies?

It required the genius of Raphael to conceive and paint "The Transfiguration." Any ordinary artist can make a fair copy of it. But does any one compare the copyist with the original artist? It required the genius of Sangallo and Michael Angelo to rear St. Peter's at Rome: any well-educated architect of today might rear its duplicate. But would that make the modern architect equal to the two Italian masters?

Ten thousand negro men and women may be able to sit down at the piano and render Verdi's "Il Trovatore," but does that entitle the negroes to class themselves with the Italian composer?

My thought is this—the negro, assisted in every possible way by the whites, is copying the ways and learning the arts of the white man: *but the fact that he can learn to read the white man's book does not make him the equal of the white race which produced the book.* The fact that he may learn from us how to practice law or medicine, does not make him equal to the white race which *created* the code of laws and the science of medicine. It may have required a thousand years *for us to learn* that which we can *teach him in one year,* but the point is that the negro, in his native home, had just as much time and opportunity to evolve a civilization as we had, *AND HE DID NOT DO IT.*

Let me repeat to you, Doctor, the unvarnished truth—for it may do you good:

The advance made by your race in America is *the reflection* of the white man's civilization. Just that and nothing more. The negro lives in the light of the white man's civilization and *reflects a part of that light.*

He imitates an example kept before his eyes; copies models never out of his sight; echoes the words the white man utters; patterns after the manners and the methods of the whites around him, and thus *reflects* our civilization.

He has originated nothing, and if the copy, the pattern, the example were taken away he would fall back here as he did in Haiti.

He has never either evolved or sustained a civilization of his own.

Fortunately for the Afro-American, he finds himself better situated than his brethren elsewhere. In Africa and in Haiti, *they* have to scuffle *for themselves.* Result—barbarism.

In America he swells the ranks of civilization's army, and he *has* to go forward. We not only support him with aid of all sorts, we

not only give him daily precept and example, but we *compel* him to lead a better life than he would live in Africa and Haiti. This compulsion is of two kinds, *the fear of punishment and the hope of reward*—thus enlisting two of the most powerful passions of the human being.

It should be significant to Dr. Washington that the only portion of his race which has ever made any development is that which has the vast advantage of being sustained, encouraged, taught, led and *coerced* by the whites among whom they live.

Not long ago a negro preacher whose self-appreciation was as great as that of Dr. Washington, went out to Liberia to subdue the heathen, in the home of the negro race.

The heathen were not subdued, but the preacher was. He threw off his store clothes, gave a whoop, gathered up an armful of wives and broke for the woods; the "Call of the Wild" was too much for his newly soldered civilization.

Now, I don't mean to say that Doctor Washington would relapse, under similar circumstances; but when I hear him call his new race *Afro-Americans* and listen while he soberly tells them that *they are superior to the whites,* I beg that he will remember his kin across the sea, his brethren in Santo Domingo, the decadents of Liberia, and the tens of thousands of his race here in this country who devoutly believe in witch doctors, in ghosts, in the conjure bag, and in the power of one negro to undo another by the mysterious but invincible "Trick."

Remember this, Doctor, education is a good thing, but *it never did, and never will, alter the essential character of a man or a race.*

Of course, Doctor, if you think your race the equal of ours, you have the right to say it. It's a free country, you know.

But, really, you ought not to "crowd the monkey" by putting in a claim for superiority.

Such a claim does your race no good.

It *may* do them harm. It may cultivate a spirit of truculent self-assertion which even your warmest admirers, North and South, might find it hard to tolerate.

In the "History of Civilization," Buckle says:

"Above all this, there is a far higher movement; and as the tide rolls on, now advancing, now receding, there is, amid endless fluctuations, one thing, and one alone, which endures forever. The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggle of rival creeds and witness the decay of successive religions. All *these* have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. *They* pass away like a dream; they are as a fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. *The discoveries of genius alone remain*: it is to *them* we owe all that we now have,

they are for all ages and for all times; never young and never old, *they* bear the seeds of their own life, *they* flow on in a perennial and undying stream; *they* are essentially cumulative, and giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, *they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation.*"

Noble lines!

And amid these "discoveries of genius" to which "we owe all that we now have," bearing the seeds of intellectual life and improvement to "the most distant posterity" what treasures are richer than those which the Latin brings?

Architecture, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Civil Engineering, Finance, Legislation, Religious Organization, Sculpture, Painting, Music, Literature, Science, the wedding of the Fine Arts to Religion—in each and every one of these fields *his* genius has been creative and masterful.

Upon our civilization the Latin has imposed, as an everlasting blessing, an imperishable Public Debt.

What does civilization owe to the negro?

Nothing!

Nothing!!

NOTHING!!!

SEPARATION

Slow curls the blue smoke, loath to leave the earth,
And those dead ashes, which did give it birth.
Lo! 'Tis the story of my stricken heart!
Atho' I know thy love of little worth
Its loss to me doth leave me so sore a dearth
(For 'twas my all) it kills me as we part.
The ashes died, that they the smoke might free,
As I must die, now that I part from thee.

FRANK E. ANDERSON.

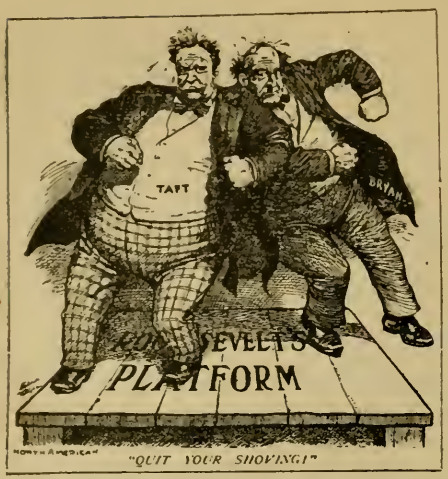
A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By Tom Dolan

NOTIFICATIONS

Gasping runners have brought to Bryan and Taft the surprising intelligence that they had been selected the standard-bearers of their respective parties, and each has retaliated upon the messenger in discourses so lenghty and lofty as to quite cover the earth and threaten to peel off the roof of heaven. It would be an unnecessary weariness even to summarize these laborious documents, which, indeed, present no new thoughts whatever and seem to have been saturated with bromide. In neat cards, suitable for *passe partout,* they have contributed to Collier's some bits of dainty sentiment that the

THE STANDARD-BEARER



Young Person may profitably peruse. on "My Conception of the Presidency." The slight touch of supererogation about Mr. Bryan's decision for but One Term is entirely pardonable, springing, as it does, from his innate modesty, his dread of being classed with the Self-Seeking Politician. While he must know that, even were he elected, he could accomplish none of his "great reforms" in the four years, with a Congress and Senate both likely to be utterly adverse to his wishes, it would be very, very cruel to question his sincerity.

As for the phlegmatic Mr. Taft, he candidly admits that there won't be anything doing in the originality line if he's President. The work has all been cut out and nothing remains but to do the rest of the tailoring. Yet he will have to be a very able individual if he can follow the "my policies" of Roosevelt. There is a hazy impression at large that such things must exist, but to the mere spectator Teddy's "corking time" seems to have consisted in making innumerable flea-like jumps upon the body politic and nothing but the kindly tolerance established for him in the public mind by his immense personal popularity has saved him from a resounding slap on account of some of his antics. As a red-blooded man—a good husband and father, and, above all, a man whose private fortune removes him completely from the coercion of mere money, Roosevelt has been well liked, his mistakes quickly condoned and his well-meaning measures enormously magnified. But even with the personal dictation and indorsement of Roosevelt, Taft would find the responsive sympathy of the people, which he rather pathetically craves,

very elusive and often altogether lacking.

The running-mate in each instance has also been advised.

Both men have made robust efforts to attune themselves with the "key-notes" struck, Sherman vieing with Taft in kow-towing to "my policies" and J. W. K. letting Bryanite hot air ferociously vociferate through his untamed whiskers.

OTHER PRESIDENTS

Speaking of president and policy, the "rule or ruin" determination of Cabrera's has resulted in the possibility of a joint protectorate being established by the United States and Mexico over Guatemala and Honduras. A mutual agreement as to certain laws and treaties now existing will first have to be arrived at, before definite steps could be taken, which steps are aimed at preserving peace in the Central American countries.

* * * *

Mexico has not been without her own large problems recently, and, while the country has undoubtedly made vast strides under the long, strong administration of President Diaz, there are many indications that, should the reins of government slip from his hands, a mighty change would take place. Many of the governors exercise despotic power and the peons are wretchedly poor and ignorant. Mexico is a republic principally in name and whether the Latin Americans are "capable of self-government" or not, they are all exceedingly anxious to have a try at it—nor do they hesitate to whet the machete and sally forth to insist upon having their turn in the game. The recent uprisings have been quelled and for the present things in Mexico are tolerably quiet. Our troops along the border maintained strict neutrality, but this big, rich-in-resources and rapidly-awakening country on the south is apt at any time to cause us lots of sisterly anxiety.

* * * *

The cantankerous Castro still hugs Venezuela to his throbbing bosom and dares the world to take her from him. Whether he is a mere bluffer, anticipating the intervention of the Monroe doctrine in his behalf in case of trouble with European powers; whether he is a braggart who also has some real nerve; whether he is a patriot or a poltroon, all depends upon the point of view, and each special pleader for or against him has a bewildering array of facts. Certain it seems, however, that the New York & Bermudez Asphalt Trust financed the Matos insurrection, which Castro crushed. What he will do in the event that Holland, incensed at his high-handed treatment of her subjects in the Dutch Island of Curacoa, attempts to apply the wooden sabot where it will do the most good, is another matter. It is not likely the difficulty will proceed to real warfare, but Queen Wilhelmina's little fleet designs to force Castro to curb a good deal of his quite preposterous arrogance in many regards.

THE FARM COMMISSION

"No nation has ever achieved permanent greatness unless this greatness was based on the wellbeing of the great farmer class, the men who live on the soil; for it is upon their welfare, material or moral, that the welfare of the rest of the nation ultimately rests. In the United States, disregarding certain sections and taking the nation as a whole, I believe it to be true that the farmers in gen-

WHO LEFT THEM THERE?
—Plaschke in the Louisville *Post*

eral are better off today than they ever were before," says President Roosevelt, in appointing a commission to investigate conditions of farm life in America, and he means well. But he forgets, or never realized in his own luxurious surroundings, that the class legislation of the Republican party is responsible for plastering the mortgage on the farm and keeping it stuck there, and sending the rustic boys and girls to the city to achieve success—or ruin. And he forgets that the black shadow in the South is another potent reason why family after family seek the protection of the town and white settlers in the rural districts become scarcer every year.

"MOB SPIRIT"

The Springfield riots are but wanton sparks struck off from the deadly live wire that is coiling itself around our civilization. The South in general and Atlanta in particular has no subtle satisfaction over an outbreak of racial feeling in the old home of the venerated Abraham Lincoln, for it has always contended that the same provocation in the north or west that we are subject to in the south would be productive of similar, or worse, results. The unspeakable crime against a woman will never fail to be avenged; and the salient fact that the negro rapist invariably seeks refuge among his own race, often makes his escape through their active connivance and is nearly always impossible of positive identification by the distracted sufferer, are the real causes of a mob's maddened determination to get at him if they have to kill or burn dozens of other negroes in the attempt. Let the negroes themselves give up their criminals to justice, and justice would soon come to be done. So long as they cling together, as a unit in thwarting the whites, as they did in the Brownsville matter, as they do in every other question of shielding the black malefactor, the so-called and much wept over "good" and "innocent" negroes will continue to get damaged in the melee.

* * * *

Bryan's disgusting bid for the negro vote has forced negro promotions in the Government service, where already 23,000 coons live at public expense, and where no white woman is safe from indignity, insult, assault

or murder if she ventures forth after dark, either in the suburbs or the heart of the fashionable residence district. The "strong arm of the law" is built of glass in the Nation's capitol that these pampered darlings may go unpunished. It is rumored that Roosevelt will appoint a negro as Assistant Attorney General! Which strategy is to checkmate the Bryan move.

Since it is useless to give the negro political preference without making him aspire to social equality, and since social equality means the white woman's damnation, it is high time we ceased to weakly sentimentalize over wives and mothers awhile and took responsible heed to the menace to them and to our Caucasion civilization.

* * * *

No, there is not much mob spirit with the American people, for the deep seated fires of racial antagonism which flame into white heat at times do not indicate at all a spirit of lawlessness. Say rather we are a people blindly submissive to anything that parades itself in the semblance of justice, in the very mockery of law. If we were otherwise, Judges like Grosscup would have something happen to them besides editorials. His reversal of the decision of Judge K. M. Landis restored the insolence of the Standard Oil, made this monopoly a more crushing one than ever, and

HE'S HAD ENOUGH.

proved that we are so meek a folk as to be flouted and robbed upon the excuse of any trivial technicality. And Teddy has but seven months more in which to prove that the big stick is the real hickory—and not a bludgeon stuffed with eider-down.

* * * *

Even the labor troubles in the Blocton and Acton mining districts about Birmingham scarcely prove "mob spirit." Strikes seldom display this. The regard for law and order is invariably present in the first instance. But it's no easy thing for a man to go hungry and see his family want for lack of a job which he threw up to enforce what he believes to be a principle of right. It is still harder to have motley strike-breakers rushed in under military protection, armed and prepared for resistance. A clash is almost inevitable. To pit one laborer, desperate for a job, against another, desperate at the loss of it, never seems to impress some people as an unfair—an inhuman—thing to do. "I can hire one-half the men to shoot down the other half" is the motto upon which many a captain of industry relies—and he is relying upon the fighting spirit, which is quite a different one from the passions which animate a mob.

THE PROSPERITY BOOM

A fictitious, made-to-order prosperity very appropriately succeeds a panic of the same artificial inception. The currency will expand or contract, the factory smoke curl heavenwards or die down, whenever it pleases the skilful, conscienceless manipulators and their reliance upon the credulity of the public, which permits an Aldrich-Vreeland bill or looks with doe-eyed confidence upon the "revision" of the tariff by its friends, is evidently unshaken.

UNCLE SAM—"No! The trappings do not make the passport. It's the man behind them!"
—Williams in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

There are more ways than one of contributing to a campaign fund while evading publicity and the "interests" have hit upon the very happiest scheme of all. Instead of sending in the check, they drop it into the furnace and let it come cheeringly forth as the spark-mingled, gold-spangled factory smoke. Thus is P-R-O-S-P-E-R-I-T-Y writ large in writhing black letters across the sky-line, and the public impressed anew with the magnanimity and benevolence of Schwab, Corey, and other manufacturers, to say nothing of the genial good-heartedness and unselfish purposes of Harriman, Morgan, et. al.

That the "prosperity boom" should have been started prior to election is no surprise, under the circumstances. If Bryan were running on the platform of 1896, with any chance for success, a calamity-howl would split the atmosphere. The magnates would shut down completely and starve the men into submission; the railroads would take off train after train, car after car, until their employees had been whipped into line. The threat of

"TAM, OLD BOY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME?"
"I MIGHT, BILL, IF YOU COULD MANAGE TO LOOSEN UP THAT BAG A BIT"

continued panic would be dinned into the ear from every stump. As it is, however, the interests see that they have the whole show Republicanized, there is no difference whatever in the issues, and they are going to fill up the dinner pail, pat the public on the back, make everybody feel good, and continue the fight of plutocracy against the spirit of true Jeffersonian Democracy which cannot be purchased nor terrorized.

* * * *

The "Prosperity Congress" held by some five thousand traveling salesmen in New York the other day is another humorous phase of a grim condition. They will be drummers indeed, if they start out in all directions, beating the tom-tom and crying "Good times are here!" in an effort to promote business that has been sagging heavily, by mere noise and shouting, and to exorcise whatever weird demon it be which has clutched our resources by the throat.

The permanent welfare which waits upon impartial legislation would never require any ridiculous harbingers to create a feeling of confidence and general good cheer.

OLYMPIC GAMES

Mismanagement characterized the Olympic games this season, and disappointment has been the sole outcome. Their future usefulness to the cause of sport has become seriously debatable. With every prospect of establishing high standards and with undeniably good men in all fields of athletics represented, the apparent imbecility of officials and injustice of judges has brought about distrust and ill-will that many years will scarcely suffice to eradicate. From the first the London public seemed apathetic and the

spectators present were singularly cold toward the American contestants. These men claim they were under the ban of suspicion and fouls were declared where not an iota of unfairness was present. On the other hand, the British and Canadian contingents accuse the Americans of making much ado about nothing, and so it goes. Whether from causes substantial or trivial, feelings have been hurt and there is a general grouch.

Of course everyone knows, and on this side of the water, is glad that "Jack" Hayes, of New York, won the great Marathon race and that the Queen herself handed him the trophy with gracious words. He ran the 26 1-2 miles in 2 hours, 56 minutes and 46 seconds, which was certainly going some. Still, when one contrasts the sublime motive which urged on the Greek youth who brought the tidings of the rout of the Persians to fear-stricken Athens, with any governing the Olympic games, the uselessness and brutality of the exhausting race becomes a somewhat painful reflection.

THE SNAP-SHOT THEY NEGLECTED TO TAKE

The funniest thing in the universe, just now, is the spectacle of W. R. Hearst calling together his editors, cartoonists, pressmen, typos, messenger boys and a few miscellaneous hirelings, and posing himself and them *as a new political party.*

The negro delegate who made the Social Equality speech was almost the only thing in the whole lay-out that wasn't a Hearst parrot.

And we're not *dead* sure that even this negro had not been loaded by William Randolph.

The one picture of the fake "Convention" which we did not get, was the one which would have shown us the faces of those Southern white men, *as they sat there and listened to the negro's Social Equality speech.*

THE PERSIAN SITUATION

"War and rumors of war" are omnipresent, until each country appears to be uneasily poised upon a pivot, the slightest touch enough to start a revolution. The Orient has lately contributed to the wonderment of the world by startling nationalistic movements. Sleepy, slothful Persia, clime of poetry and romance, has undergone and is still enduring the inevitable "baptism of blood and tears" in an effort to establish—or more strictly, to restore, a constitutional government in place of the capricious and crafty rule of the Shah who seeks to make his own selfish, bigoted will the State. Some few years ago, when British influence was strong in Persia, the progressive element there obtained a number of concessions and a form of constitutional government, which they have not been able to keep. The recent "*entente*" between Russia and England has resulted in the virtual "hands off" policy on the latter's part, particularly in the northern half of Persia, which puts down the bars to the Czar and his kindly Cossacks, who are anxious for their own ends, to bolster up the despotism of the Shah.

* * * *

Whenever European monarchs imprint a frosty kiss upon each other's cheeks, something is bound to happen to the poor devils whose habitat is anywhere about or beyond the Dardanelles, and it serves England's present purpose to let Nicholas have his way and to give him a "sphere of influence" in Persia. What this means to the liberals there has been abundantly proven by the popular revolt and the barbarous and clumsy efforts to suppress it.

The scenes in the drama of insurrection have been swift and changeful and fantastically colored ever with the unfathomable strategy, or downright treachery, of the East. The Shah has become little more than a prisoner in the hands of the very allies whom he called upon to protect him and no doubt they will exact heavy ransom for their service. Rachin Khan, who had commanded the government troops and mercilessly cut down the revolutionists, one day suddenly withdrew his forces from the capital and allowed the revolutionists to pillage at will—even looting the house of the Shah's minister of finance, while the latest significant act has been the apparent desertion of a former pretender to the throne, Zill-Es-Sultan, a recent leader among the revolutionists, from their ranks, and his professed allegience to the present ruler. Altogether, the situation is not only complicated, but terribly serious, and the prospect of a famine adds another very grim cloud to the stormy political sky.

RUSSIA'S MAD TYRANNY

Bungling and butchery still characterize the methods to maintain the Russian throne. Wholesale executions go on at the rate of five a day, while the death rate from neglect and maltreatment of prisoners keeps up a horrible average. Count Tolstoy, consumed by mental anguish, writes:

"I can no longer endure it. I write this. . . . either that these inhuman deeds may be stopped or that my connection with them may be snapped, and I be put in prison, where I may be clearly conscious that these horrors are not committed on my behalf, or still better (so good that I dare not even dream of such happiness), that they may put on me as on those twenty or twelve peasants, a shroud and a cap and may push me also off a bench so that my own weight may

tighten the well-soaped noose around my old throat."

It is a sheer marvel that the Bureaucracy of Russia has overlooked crowning this Grand Old Man with martyrdom, as a final act of insensate brutality that would rouse the world to the necessity of stamping out its outrages forever.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

The House of Lords, in Great Britain, appears to have heard and seen something that made its backbone turn to paste. The manner of the noble peers in voting for the Old-Age Pensions Bill had a scared-to-death meekness about it.

Under this new law, it is estimated that half a million people will be supported out of the public treasury, *for no other reason than that they are poor and are seventy years old.*

On the European Continent, where Old Age Pensions are a part of the governmental policy, no one gets the pension who has not been *a worker.*

The British law departs from this sound principle. Under the act which Parliament has adopted the inveterate idler who has managed to loaf along, sponging on Tom, Dick and Harry, supported possibly by some slave of a wife, will be treated just as generously as the laborer who has always been busy, contributing honey to the hive.

* * * * *

The principle upon which the English Old-Age Pensions law is founded must be that *poverty and physical inability to earn a living* entitle the citizen to get his support from the state.

If this principle be sound, why should not the young children of the poor be pensioned?

Pensions to the very old are merciful and helpful *to the individual beneficiaries,* but state-aid to the very young would benefit the state,—*yes, the whole world.*

If we *must* have Socialism, why not apply it where it will do the greatest good to the greatest number?

FREIGHT RATES

In times of prosperity, the patriotic railroads come genially forward with a proposition to increase rates upon the plausible ground that they *are entitled to share in the prosperity.*

So, the rates go up. Then we have a period of stringency. Whereupon the railroads come forward again and earnestly contend that they are entitled to another advance in rates *because of the hard times.* In other words, the patriots are willing to take their part of the prosperity, but not of the stringency.

VICTORY OF THE YOUNG TURKS

Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, and hereditary despot, awoke one morning recently, and found himself the happy father of a constitutional state. It was of the suddenest kind, this birth of a constitution in Stamboul. Two hundred thousand of the Sultan's subjects are said to have appeared before his palace, cheering for the new constitution; and Abdul is said to have responded to the ovation by making a few neat and appropriate remarks, spoken from a window of the palace.

The Sultan was so full of confidence in his faithful subjects that he made his appearance on foot in the streets of Constantinople, a thing he has never done before. But he had his mental reservations, as was shown by the fact that he wore a shirt of mail. So it came to pass that when

a would-be assassin sought the Sultan's vitals with a knife, the concealed armor stopped the blade.

The Young Turks' movement is led by those of the Sultan's subjects who have been educated in Europe. From these liberal ideas and a repugnance to the one-man power gradually spread among the more intelligent and progressive elements in Constantinople and European Turkey. The Sultan resorted to many harsh, despotic measures to suppress the reformers, but when they managed to get hold of the army, he capitulated promptly.

The Constitution which he has granted does not apply to his Asiatic provinces, consequently, the Oriental atmosphere of the regions of the Arabian Nights remains undisturbed.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC

In spite of the heroic determination of the Chinese Government to stamp out opium smoking, medical missionaries and others in a position to know report that the habit is steadily growing worse and is extending into Persia, Beloochistan and the East Indian Islands. Moreover, there is also a demand for certain "cures" for the habit—which are nothing else than nostrums containing morphine, or the alkaloid of opium itself, and infinitely worse in their effect upon the victim. Unless England will earnestly discountenance the shipment of the drug into China, the latter country will be practically powerless to cope with the craving its people have acquired for the "pipe dream" which is surcease from sorrow, and,—the truth may as well be told—surcease from the hunger that the hard-worked and insufficiently fed coolies continually suffer. It is a popular delusion that the Chinaman eats rice from a ravenous fondness for it and because its enormous nutritive value makes it possible for him to fare sumptuously at something like a penny a day—or a week. Yet the fact is that he eats rice, because if he did not do so, he would starve; and he eats small amounts because he cannot afford more. Small wonder, then, that he succumbs to the necromancy of narcotics.

THE INHERITANCE TAX

In England, when a man who has got more than his share, dies, they have a law which compels his heir to pour some of it back into the jug. The Inheritance Tax, applied to the estate of the late Earl of Derby, whose fortune was but an insignificant $19,000,000, brought into the British treasury $2,500,000. This sum, under the Old-Age Pensions Act, will support about 25,000 paupers for a year.

Why can we not have the Inheritance Tax in the United States? Mr. Roosevelt clamored for it, last year, but has forgotten it. Mr. Bryan clamors for the Income Tax, by way of Constitutional Amendment, but says nothing in favor of the Inheritance Tax, which requires no Constitutional Amendment.

A twenty per cent. pour-it-back law, applied to our millionaires, would be a mighty fine thing for the jug—and would *then* leave the heir of the criminal in possession of more of the pelf than is good for him or the state.

THE CANADIAN CELEBRATIONS

The recent celebrations in Quebec have drawn attention again to the singularly quiet and well poised position that Canada continues to retain in this tumultous world. Dignified, gracious and tactful, "our Lady of the Snows" manages her household so smoothly as to have few

problems at home and no complications abroad.

While her freedom from many of the perplexities which beset the United States is not so much attributable to statesmanship as to a peculiar political and geographical position, the conclusion remains, however, that the policy pursued has been one of thoughtful foresight and creditable self-restraint in many respects. Canada has rendered tolerant of each other, if not perfectly harmonious, the French and English elements which form the bulk of her population, and the mother countries across the sea must view with considerable complacence the peace in which their children dwell together in America.

Not many years ago, there was much said on this side of the Great Lakes about the annexation of Canada. Seldom is the subject broached now. Gently, but none the less effectually, did Canada herself repel the suggestion and today apparently remains as much aloof from us as ever, while the Boer war demonstrated that she was not without a very warm and vital loyalty for Great Britain. That country has granted so many concessions, indeed, that Canada enjoys much that she could desire in the way of practical independence and complete self-government, and is evidently well content with her lot.

The Prince of Wales came over and was royally received, but his visit occasioned no ripple on the diplomatic seas. He behaved very nicely, and we were represented by Vice President Fairbanks, who, needless to say, was sweetly frappe and entirely discreet. The buttermilk never goes to his head and we will have no apologies to make for unwise ebullitions which sometimes disturb the placidity of an international festival.

BELGIUM AND THE CONGO

It is stated that King Leopold, of Belgium, is to have his absolute authority considerably modified and his further outrages in the Congo region estopped. Someone has remarked that "this will be a relief to the civilized world." Well, likely so, but the joy will mainly fill the bosom of the poor barbarians who have through all these bloody years been the objects of his relentless avarice and unspeakable cruelties. The "civilized world" vastly overrates its own sensibilities. A despot is but a solitary human being, after all, and can accomplish nothing whatever without the co-operation of enough of his kind to make his tyranny effective. When known horrors go on year after year, as in the Congo, as in Siberia, as even in our Georgia convict camps within a stone's throw of churches and schools, it is not much wonder that the attitude of the red-handed toward the effeminate shudders of the self-styled and much vaunted "civilized" and "Christian" world is that of—Oh, piffle!

We have millions of dollars to waste on unnecessary naval parades and silly cannonading, and not one load of buck-shot for the instigators of systems which crush and plunder the helpless.

Leopold has his coffers full of gold wrung from the wretched, and no doubt his civilized and Christianized descendants will continue to wax fat on Congo revenues, long after their royal and sainted relative has gone to his reward. Which reward, we venture to hope, will be one adequate to his deserts.

The Convict System of Georgia

"WHERE MEN DIE LIKE DOGS"

By Isma Dooly

HITE men,
Negro men,
Negro women,
—in one building only separated by lattices, the openings in which are large enough to reach an arm thru.

"No hospital, no place to eat. Slaves and bribed slave-drivers, who, with the lash soaked in water and rolled in sand, so it will cut the flesh, pay for their bribes in human blood.

"A white man, sick with fever, lies in his dirty bunk, no sheets on his bed; he wears double shackles; in his weakness he staggers and falls fainting on the ground. Two negro convicts pick him up and carry him back to his bunk, and they are the only ones who know he even faints.

"These are things that make death welcome. And bear in mind, The Georgian is confining its stories of cruelty to white convicts.

"Joseph Sidney Turner,

"Clement A. Evans,

"Thomas A. Eason,—are the men who, for reasons known and unknown, have for eleven long years held the power over these conditions."

On July 13th, the Atlanta Georgian, the youngest daily paper in Georgia, edited by Mr. F. L. Seely, published an article relative to the convict lease of Georgia, under the caption "Where Men Die Like Dogs," and the initiative paragraphs were as quoted above. This was one of a series which the Georgian began systematically July 7th, boldly suggesting to the legislature of Georgia, in traditionally slow and decorous session, that their first duty was to look into the convict system of Georgia, which had been for forty years inhuman and barbarous in many respects.

Those drones of citizenship who title themselves the "conservative element," and whose only acts of citizenship are in the payment of taxes they grumble about, condemned the sensational spirit of the press; deplored the tendency to make incidents appear as conditions and remonstrated with the women of the family, emotionally scanning the afternoon papers, "to remember that there were two sides to the question, and that the Georgia convicts were a 'bad lot.'"

There were many more public questions more pleasing to the senses, the early days of July, and there were those citizens, as usual who decided to leave the convict question to be attended to by "those whose business it was."

But nothing could obliterate from the public mind the thought that had been rooted there, and kept growing, by the daily edition of horrors, relative to Georgia's convict camps.

Details were given of human tortures enacted within certain camps, which made right-hearted Georgians blush to think that atrocities they had believed possible only in Siberia or the Congo region, were daily practices in their own commonwealth, and with one voice the people, the press and the legislative body demanded an investigation, exactly one week after the call of the Atlanta paper, which resulted in the organization of investigating committees including: from the house, Messrs. Wise, Adams, Ryals, Candler, McMullan, Senator Felder (upon whose resolution the committee was appointed), Senators Brock and Hayes.

Georgia's First Penitentiary.

Before 1817 there was no penitentiary in Georgia, primitive measures being exercised through branding iron and whipping post. In that year the penitentiary was established in Milledgeville and remained there until 1864.

Convicts Freed.

When Sherman approached Milledgeville in 1864, Georgia's war governor, Joseph Emerson Brown, went to the penitentiary, offered pardon to the convicts on condition that they would take up arms and connect themselves with the defenses until further orders.

This they did as a unit, making good soldiers, and returning home after the surrender, and it is said that almost without exception these men became useful citizens.

After the war the large number of negroes turned loose without police power to control them, rapidly filled the jails and efforts were made under the regime of Governor Jenkins to inaugurate the lease system, but through his influence, they failed.

When General Meade turned out Governor Jenkins and appointed to his place General Ruger, the latter, without legislative authority of any kind, initiated the lease system. There was no consideration to the State in this matter, and "maybe," suggested one of our present good legislators, "the idea was the State was making a good bargain by finding a citizen public spirited and benevolent enough to take off the hands of the State, a few convicts and maintain them."

It was not until 1871, that the General Assembly formally recognized the lease system, and in 1876, the General Assembly leased some convicts for a period of 20 years, and for which it is alleged only $25,000 was paid the State, or less than $11.00 per annum per convict.

According to this lease, labor was limited to 10 hours, lessees might not sub-lease; must take women, and aged, crippled or infirm convicts pro-rata, among themselves; all food, clothing and guards were to be selected and paid for by the lessees.

The only State officers during this time were a chief keeper of the penitentiary, and a physician, thus manifestly the criminal population of Georgia was turned over to the will of the lessees.

Following this first legislated lease there were one or two investigations of cruelty; sensational charges made, denials as many, one altercation resulting in the killing of a prominent citizen and finally a fine of $5,000.00 imposed by Governor Gordon upon the penitentiary companies for wrongs done convicts.

Russell's Article.

"About ten or twelve years ago, when the Populists were powerful in Georgia, they took up convict leas-

ing and declared in their platform their intention to annihilate the business," wrote Charles Edward Russell in "Everybody's Magazine" for June, the article incensing at the time those Georgians ignorant of conditions in their own State.

"The people of Georgia showed such a disposition to respond to this program that the ruling powers were alarmed and hastened to make a concession to popular sentiment," continues Mr. Russell, put wise by somebody.

"So ten years ago the system of making leases was gravely abolished. Thereafter convict leasing did not exist in Georgia, according to the ruling powers. Instead of leases there were "contracts" and, though no conceivable difference resulted in any essential particular, the change of name afforded to some persons that soothing relief for the conscience that we all are too ready to accept when civic duty interferes with our interest."

The Coming of the Prison Commission.

In 1898 the General Assembly renewed the lease act for five years; when the State realized about $100.00 per year, per convict; and again in 1903 when the average competitive bid was $224.00 per annum per convict.

In 1897 the prison commission was created, and the State farm established, the former for what purpose nobody seems to know, not even the three good gentlemen themselves, while the farm was to be the refuge of women criminals, and all male criminals, aged, crippled, or infirm.

However, the latter institution seems to have been a humane provision to lighten rather the burden of the lessee. Able-bodied convicts, broken down, have been sent to the State Farm to recuperate, and then returned to the lessees. Others have been bartered for, maimed and helpless as they were, and leased out, brutalized while there was life in them. No more revolting testimony was given in the investigation before the committee, than that of a man who shamelessly acknowledged having leased farm convicts to work his farm, and relating with cold bloodedness, his mode of torturing them to extort the work he meant for them to do.

Under the terms of the last two convict contracts enacted by the General Assembly, the State apparently became tenacious of the care of her criminals and followed them into the lessee's camp with guards, serving for $20.00 per month, and wardens at $40 or $50 per month, the warden's duty being (theoretically) to see that the rules of the prison commission were carried out and that the convicts be not imposed upon by the lessees. "It's to laugh," were it not that this inane legislation, if not corruption, has been apparently indorsed by ignorant and honest tax-payers, just now awakening to the crimes perpetrated at their expense.

The effect of the "guard" and "warden" legislation has been that the lessees in every instance have appointed the wardens superintendents for their business, a process of benevolent assimilation, so to speak.

A Pretty State of Affairs.

In the recent investigation, more than one lessee has told with tears in his eyes of the endless friction which first arose between the wardens, who did not want the convicts to work before or after the sun, as the law

provides, and the superintendent who felt grieved if they were not forced to work from day-break till dark—from "can" to "can't," as the poor wretches of convicts themselves say.

Without exception, it has been stated that as soon as the inspired idea of making these two officials, the warden and the superintendent, one and the same was carried into effect, trouble ceased entirely!

The defense of the lease system has been the "poverty of Georgia," but rather a great deal of the poverty of Georgia might be attributed to the lease system. Bonds have been issued for every other purpose from 1868 to 1879, except to enable the State to establish a penitentiary and utilize in a humane way the labor of her convicts.

The State as "Spieler."

"The fees of officials must be paid," "crime must be made odious," "law-breakers must be punished," "people ought not to be taxed to furnish carpets and lace curtains for negro desperadoes"; these are some of the decrepid excuses limping into the defenses made for the lease system.

Call it what we will: "to punish crime"; "to protect society"; "to restrain or to reform the criminal," whatever is done is one of the high attributes of sovereignty, a non-deligable function of the State. And even before the investigation in the General Assembly began, there was a picture not vaguely, but vividly before the people of the State!

This picture, as revolting as any in Dante's Inferno, was the 1,200,000 white people of Georgia, standing by, some ignorant, some indifferent, some cowardly, while five thousand derelicts belonging to the State, individuals morally insane and all of them in a sense sick, are lined up and the State becomes a "spieler" and sells them to the highest bidder!

Concerning all, the State says: "Gentlemen:—To deal righteously and scientifically with these offenders, the problem becomes so big and unwieldly, we cannot cope with it gracefully; confidentially, we wish to shirk it entirely. If some benevolent private citizen would undertake it, we would be obligated.

"No reference as to character is required. These people having been convicted by infallible courts have no rights to speak of, and in fact (the State speaks nicely and properly), "they are ultravires; we want to sell them.

"Come up and inspect the group! Inspect the width of their shoulders, their elastic step, and calculate how much coal can be mined; how much stone can be cut; how much lumber sawed, under the stimulating influence of the lash"—but enough, the picture has already impressed and depressed the decent people of the State.

Work of Committee.

In the work of the investigating committee of the General Assembly, the first resolution offered was that of Mr. Candler of DeKalb, calling for all of the Prison Commission's records that might have any bearing whatever on the conduct of the convict camps or the commission's enforcement of the rules and regulations.

He had a slight skirmish with Senator Brock over the volume of matter his resolutions called for, but in the end, the committee adopted his suggestions,

Among the first facts developed was that in five years, Hamby and Toomer, convict lessees, had cleared $562,500 in a contract with the State for 500 convicts—i.e.—the labor of 500 men had, (leased to brokers) earned $1,135,000.00, exclusive of their maintenance, and the "middleman" or broker, had put one-half of the amount in his pocket.

It further developed that certain convict brokers had used money in persuading the State's employees to give them advantages over other lessees in the matter of leasing and transferring convicts, the system, amounting to nothing more nor less than direct corruption. This condition was illustrated in the exposure of Jake Moore, of meteoric fortune, and his resignation without investigation. While the committee carried on their work investigating the question of the convict lease in its different phases, the Holder bill, to cut out the convict broker, passed.

As the investigation continued, the formerly told newspaper stories charged with sentimentalism, were mild in the light of the testimony of witnesses (sworn) who described the beating to death of white and black convicts, undescribable filth, wretched food, inhuman driving, utter neglect of the prison commission.

The first week's findings of the committee summed up were about as follows:

(a) Cruelties and inhumanities practised and men brutalized by state wardens;

(b) That the State had been mulcted of millions of dollars through the system;

(c) Questionable methods on the part of the commission in dealing with competitive bids; graft and gross irregularities in every branch of the department;

(d) Negligence and incompetency of State officials;

(e) Failure of State to investigate Warden Moore's short comings;

(f) The incident of Yancey being secretary of the commission, while his son was clerk to the biggest convict lessee in the State.

About the same time publicity was given to the story of the insane convict preacher in one of the camps who, after being beaten almost to insensibility, because he wouldn't work, was chained to a tree and beaten till his writhing hands fell, his head dropped back, and he was dead.

Then came the story of R. A. Keith:

"I have seen one white boy named Wynn whipped to death. It was in 1906, first of the year. Wynn had been sent to prison for stealing two cans of potted ham. He was eating his supper. The warden had a lot of hogs in his stockade. This boy had made some coffee, and had thrown it on one of the hogs. It was reported to the warden—a man named Goode. Wynn was only 16 years old. He was a small, frail, little fellow. Goode, the warden, was furious. He had the little boy stripped and made a bunch of negroes hold him to the ground. Goode put the lashes on. He gave him sixty-nine licks. When they go through with him, Wynn went and sat down on the hospital steps. He staggered into the hospital where he stayed a week—then he died. There was no coroner's inquest. They said he died of consumption."

A Black Mother's Story.

No less horrible was that story told by Susie Long, the mother of

a negro boy whose back across the kidneys showed where it had been terribly lacerated; his left hand and right fool showed where the skin of a large surface had been torn off. His right side was partly paralyzed, due to a blow on his head.

Citizens Call Mass Meeting.

The findings of the committee and these stories aroused public sentiment to the highest pitch and on July 29th general Mass Meetings were called through the press.

The voice of the meetings was a formally expressed determination that the lease system, as it is, should be abolished entirely, and resolutions to that effect, after many earnest and splendid speeches by representative men, were framed for presentation to the General Assembly.

The testimony of all kinds and ages of men dragged on before the investigating committee.

Lessees, wardens, guards, commissioners, testified; there were many instances of the "kettle calling the pot black"; efforts to warn the people that after all the convicts were a "bad lot," and to modify public sentiment were made on the outside. But at the moment the testimony would introduce another inhuman incident akin to the "duel with picks," this revolting story exposing the inability of a guard to subjugate a rebellious convict of brutal size and strength, who stood defending himself with raised pick.

Another convict of craftiness and agility offered his services, was accepted by the guard, and pitted his skill against that of his brother criminal. There was a duel—the pick of the skilful malefactor plunged into the neck of the other—and in two days—death.

One after another the accused and accusers in the trial of horrors were heard from, and legislators and people alike began to see that the investigation had but accentuated and verified the first stories printed of the convict lease system. One term of the legislature was found too short to dispose of every phase of the complicated problem and the legislature adjourned on the 12th of August for a brief vacation, to reassemble for an extra session to be called by the Governor, for the chief purpose of settling the Convice Lease question.

Leading Questions.

Through all the stories told, the newspaper exposures made, and the work of the investigating committee, two questions now become paramount in interest. What will be done with the convicts of Georgia when the lease system is abolished, and through what medium will reformative measures be taken—through a commission or through a competent trained specialist, paid by the State, and directly responsible to the State?

Many suggestions have been made by men who believe themselves thinkers, but in the would-be solution of the problem, there is apparently little intelligent consideration of what imprisonment really means, its complex functions, and the responsibility involved.

There is the narrow view broadly entertained that imprisonment means punishment first, and then the getting of money's worth out of the offender, the main object being lost sight of entirely—that is—the reformative measures which are now the basic principle of modern prison method.

Plans Suggested.

Most generally expressed favor as to the disposition of the convict seems to be that of putting them on the public roads,—5,000 men on Georgia's public roads.

As the same roads would not need continuous attention, and as the convicts would have to move from place to place, would there not be a continuation of the same unsanitary, squalid camp system, the poorly constructed abodes, impossible of comfort, and when moved, leaving behind a trail of filth and disease? And with the poverty of the State rung in by sentinels at every moment, there is no reason to believe these camps would be models of fresh air, cleanliness and sanitation.

In a passing glance at other systems employed, it is found that many states of the central South work their convicts on these farms, having permanent buildings.

In Texas, sugar plantations have been established to compete with the sugar trust; in Mississippi and Louisiana, the convicts are employed on state farms; in North Carolina, on farms; in Alabama, in the mines; in Tennessee and Kentucky, the contract system holds, wherein manufacturers establishing their plants on state prison grounds may lease convict labor, the labor supervised by the state, but as practical as this system seems, it is said by experts to be subject to iniquitous abuses, akin to that of the Georgia system. In New York State, the convicts make, besides their own clothing and furnishings, all furniture, equipment and implements of work for the state and municipal buildings or work—this including wagons, carts, tools, and everything required by the state or in state or municipal labor.

"But this is the pitting of convict labor against free labor," is the point made at once. It must be remembered in this connection that there is nothing a convict can do that a free man cannot do, and this competition, comparatively small, would seem to be far less of an imposition upon the free laborer than his paying of taxes to support the idle criminals.

"Agriculture is best fitted to the negro convict, that furnishes most of our convict population," is a popular and well based theory and another rational suggestion made is that the convicts be put to making cotton, the competition to the planter being comparatively small, for admitting that 5,000 convicts were put in cotton plantations, they would make less than 1-4 of 1% of the total common crop.

That it would be profitable to the state is shown by the success of the venture, as testified to by lessees in the recent investigation, two of them finding convict labor recruited even from among the maimed and crippled, profitable in cotton plantations.

An Expert's View.

An expert in criminology and prison system, when asked by the writer what he believed to be the most practical and direct steps in the organization of a state prison system, stressed two points: First. The necessity of two or more permanent buildings, the separation of the women from the men, and the separation of the two races, this matter of the building, or home, and the separation of the sexes and the races, being requisite in the appli life—that is—the reformative principle.

The second point stressed was the

impracticability and danger of prison commissions as controllers of a system. Political preferment, and not personal efficiency, invariably govern their selection, and they become a menace rather than a protecting or guarding influence to the entire system.

One efficient man, a paid employee of the state and responsible to the state, a member of the state cabinent, should head a well planned and organized penitentiary system.

As Georgia is, at present, exactly forty years behind the times in the care of her derelicts, and as her prison system must be primarily organized, then put in operation, it would seem that she should aim high—that she should plan studiously and well, and call to aid in drawing plans, not only men patriotically interested in her development, but experts and specialists in prison organization and mânagement.

Altho' this last act in the drama of abuses of the convict system, momentarily clouding Georgia's reputation as a commonwealth, has brought a general grief to her citizenship, there is already the light of dawn shining through the darkness. Never before has there been a more co-operative spirit animating the conduct of a people. It is the first time in Georgia that the general public—the people—have organized and with helpful, not coercive measures, joined with the legislative body in an honest effort to investigate intelligently, and entirely wipe out, a social evil. This coming together has unmistakably aroused a responsibility of citizenship among Georgians, which must grow into a power, and insure Georgia's right, not only to bear on her standard, as the Empire State of the South, but claim the place rightfully hers, as an integral part of what should be the "Ideal Republic."

RECLUSE

Ye who would hold my heart an hostelry,
Depart! And seek ye other cheer than mine;
I weary of your importunity!
The hearth is cold; long since I spilled the wine.

Once to this hermitage there rode a guest
And tarried briefly. Nay, no tale have I—
What boots a woman's sorrow or unrest?
My heart is empty. Prithee, lords, pass by!

LARGESS

By Mary Chapin Smith

Wide overarching roof of air,
Starshine and sunshine are enough.
Earth is too full of beauty unsolicited:
Her regal state and lordly ministers,
Her glowing pageants as they pass,
Are all too much for her fond lover, passion-pale,
And choked for utterance. Fair Eastern rose,
And Dawn, a shy reluctant bride,
Slow lingering up the way;
The slender crescent boat that glides along
O'er silver seas of light, through scudding clouds of foam,
The tireless stars that seek no rest
And white path leading on
Through whirling diamond dust, by rifts of dark,
To outer fields of space invisible;
That happy comrade of the shining face,
Heart of the Day, Life of the rolling world,
Whose faithful course while ages drift and wane
Is charted on the upper depths of blue:
These fine celestial splendors are enough;
The largess that the fair Earth grants
From wanton joy of giving, is overmuch to hold;
Darkness and light, the pomp and endless train
Of Night and Day, the heavens are enough.

The Heart History of the Greek Goddess and the Little Girl of Dreams

By Elizabeth Dargan Forrester

I.

"At twilight, when all the world breathes peace;
Labor is at rest, and discord merged to harmony;
Sleep stills at last the restless tossing of disease;
Age smiles again, and knows that, even yet, to live is well;
While Youth a little time lays by his merriment to feel
The stirrings of a nobler life within the heart,
And stands a moment grave to see another day depart;

My soul is touched with something that my earthly nature has not bid,
And, as I bare my head in reverence at the thought of you,
My heart meets yours, and in its sanctuary hid,
Is quiet and secure."

THE low tones of the reader's voice, tense with feeling, throbbed through the evening air, and dropped dreamily to a sigh at the end. Her gaze remained a moment fixed in embarrassment upon the paper from which she had been reading, then were raised to her listener's face.

A strong, fine face it was, with broad, white brow, above which waves of dark red hair were drawn loosely toward the back of the head. Her eyes had in them the misty look of the dreamer; but the brow showed earnest thought, and the lines of mouth and chin were indicative of determination and endurance.

The other face, raised now eagerly to this one, was dark and rather pale, with a slight hint of weakness in some of its curves. The eyes looked out with an appealing, almost a pathetic, expression; and in all the girl's movements was a certain nervous restlessness, mingled curiously with inertia. Hers was the look and pose of the dreamer who is *only* a dreamer, the idealist without realizations; and that sadness in the eyes was the longing of the soul after heights which the spirit lacked courage, or power, to reach.

Together, as they sat upon old moss-grown steps down by a spring, the girls formed a picture which was worth study: the strong contrast of light and shade,—the promise of cheerful achievement, the prophecy of

intense striving upward and failure to attain. This was a moment in their lives to be recalled afterward, to be looked back upon with tenderness—a moment in which the veil was somewhat torn aside, and each looked a little way into the soul of the other.

Not in the class-room, where the mind plodded along wearily in straight and carefully-directed paths; not on the athletic field with its shouting and strain; not in the gymnasium, now aglow and atinkle with merry invitations to all the light of foot and light of heart to join in a breathless, rollicking dance between dinner and study; not on the campus where, far away between dark tree-trunks and over the soft carpet of grass, graceful, shadowy forms glided, sending forth many a gay call and girlish peal of laughter;—not in any of these places where the crowd gathered: but out here on a flight of three gray stone steps, too secluded and lonely to be popular, where no one ever passed (except an occasional professor on his homeward way from some pet diversion, generally of an agricultural nature, in which he sought relief from the difficulties of leading the feminine mind),—where all sounds from campus and dormitories came so softened as to but add to the aloofness and vibrant peace that made the steps at twilight well-fitted for the spiritual communion of friends—this the place, and this the hour in which the Greek Goddess and the Little Girl of Dreams looked into the limpid water of the spring at their feet, and saw each the soul of the other mirrored there.

This spot was known to the "College Dictionary," published each year in the "Annual," as Mount Olympus or The Goddess's Retreat. The Goddess herself laughed her clear, healthy, school-girl laugh at this good-humored thrust of her friends, for the Divinity was, after all, thoroughly human, and in superb health, in spite of alleged flights to Olympus (or, it might even be, Parnassus!) with occasional sojourns thereupon.

Often she came here alone and built her 'Castles in Spain,' many of them to be made real as the years should unfold before her and the molding of her destiny be placed in her strong, capable hands. Sometimes, as this evening, she brought a companion with her—some kindred spirit—and usually it was this Little Girl of Dreams. Resolutely now they turned their backs upon the frowning brick walls that rose, substantial and realistic, all too near, as if to bar and send back crippled any truant thought trying to flutter on fledgling wings toward the blue sublimity beyond. Their eyes searched the cool green depths of the woodland, behind which glowed the golden splendor of a far more wonderful sunset than ever artist painted. As they sat, and peered into the growing duskiness, their hands linked lightly together, their gaze seemed to penetrate beyond the greenness of the springtime's beauty, beyond the gold and rose of the sunset's calm decline, into that throbbing, whispering spirit world which drops so low to earth at twilight, and breathes its mysteries into listening ears.

It was the Little Girl of Dreams' own poem she had read to the Goddess, her very own, and the sweet, hungering pain of authorship was upon her still, making her eyes wide and pleading, her face flushed with eagerness. To this spirit, with its passion and yearning, would come in time great flights of fancy that would lift it at moments far above earth's

clamor and plodding, only to let it fall to the ground again with a broken wing. To the other, with its spiritual discernment and steady light of high purpose, would be strength, courage, and will, to live well, to stand firm amid the jostling crowd, yet with head held serenely above the clouds that shut out the sunlight from duller eyes.

After the reading, both girls were silent awhile, then the Greek Goddess squeezed the other's hand affectionately, and it was she who spoke first. "Dear Little Girl of Dreams," she said, "I cannot tell you how happy it makes me that you should read these things to me. I appreciate this honor more than I can say, and hold it one of the greatest of compliments." She leaned a trifle nearer, and added very softly, "I am going to be proud of you some day, Little Girl of Dreams!" With that the bare brown arms of the would-be poet crept around the Goddess's neck, and the Little Girl of Dreams laid her head upon the full chest that rose and fell with the Goddess's regular breathing.

As they sat thus, seeking to push their fancy-laden skiffs out upon the great ocean of the Afterwhile, yet ever checked and sent bounding back upon the rock coast of the never-broken Now by the dark, mysterious waters of the Impenetrable Current which washes these shores of Today, a longing to plunge madly in, to snatch and bring back some treasure of knowledge from the vast unknown, took possession of the younger girl's mind, and she spoke with nervous intensity as she cried: "Tell me my future, Greek Goddess! What do you see in the glass for me?"

The other laughed her low, rich, musical laugh. "Ah!" she cried gaily —for, thus, at times, half-playfully, half-tenderly, she patronized the Little Girl of Dreams—"Ah! Little Girl, I see you, your brow crowned with the poet's laurel, sitting down with the mighty to 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul.'" Again she laughed, and her even white teeth gleamed pleasingly in the evening light; but the face of the Little Girl of Dreams was very grave as she, in her turn, prohesied.

"Shall I tell you what *I* see?" she asked, and, the other nodding indulgent assent, she continued: "I see a woman, tall and commanding as—as a Greek Goddess!—straight as an arrow shot from Cupid's bow, fair of countenance, standing before the footlights of a great stage; while around her, and away in front, surges a restless sea of faces. She is alone, but she is not afraid. The great, smooth, beautiful chest rises and falls evenly while the few preliminary chords from the orchestra prepare for what is coming. Then, calmly, easily the singer draws a deep breath, and, soft, tender, searching, as a mother's prayer borne heavenward on wings of a snow-white dove, the voice seems to detach itself from the woman, and, floating upward, to circle high above the heads of her listeners, and then to sink slowly, with healing power, straight into those waiting, troubled hearts. The sea is stilled, at rest, under the control of that one woman's will.

"After it is all over, and she has responded for the last time to their repeated calls, she makes her way, rose-laden, to her dressing-room, while the crowd breaks up and moves toward the exits—but, a strange hush is upon all those people. On the faces of women, whose hard masks have been worn so long as to seem immovable, there are at last traces of tears; and men, who have not wept

since their mothers were laid away, hurry out now shamefacedly, or assume an additional degree of pomposity to hide their emotion.

"The singer is great. The whole world is shouting her name, and the rarest flowers of three continents have lain against her heart. But, she has had to suffer that this should be—not only in weariness and discouragement, but also in sorrow and heartache!" The girlish voice, thrilling with prophetic fervor, fell into silence. For a moment, every sound seemed reverently hushed, then the bell in the College tower began pealing forth its inexorable warning that play-time was ended and work must begin again.

Reluctantly, the two figures arose, and shook themselves loose from the clinging shadows hovering about their "Retreat," and slowly began their pilgrimage toward red-brick imprisonment. Their arms were twined affectionately around each other, and the faces of both were grave now. "Yes; sorrow must come before song—heartache before healing," said the Greek Goddess.

Then the Little Girl of Dreams answered with apparent irrelevance, "You are the woman I saw in my vision, dear Goddess;" and the Divinity did an unwonted thing—she bent her glorious Olympic head, and kissed the Little Girl of Dreams full upon the mouth.

In a moment, they were lost in the hurrying, laughing throng of girls in the big hall, and then a moment more, and there was a brief good-night as their room doors closed, hiding them from each other, and shutting out that world in which for one dear hour they had dwelt apart. Each now was hard at work over books that seemed to glower darkly at even a suggestion of romance between their dull covers. For three hours, the face of the Little Girl of Dreams was intent almost to sternness as she poured over French verbs, and choked down Latin constructions musty with the dust of centuries; while the Greek Goddess was only an every-day school-girl wrestling with "Math."

II.

It was a sweet spring night, and half the city had turned out to hear Caro. She was fast gaining a really great name in the world of song, and tonight—her first in the home country after an extended foreign tour—was looked forward to with a degree of excitement that can only be created by American pride in an American who has won foreign praise.

As the orchestra began the overture, expectancy grew until, after some minor-part singing, the time arrived for the entrance of the star herself. Then a hush fell upon the waiting throng, as a woman tall and queenly, with the carriage of a Juno, came out upon the stage, and made her way toward the foot-lights, while a great applause filled the house and rang from wall to wall. Graciously the artist bowed her head, and her diamond tiara gleamed like flame from the coppery glory of her hair. Then came her deep intake of breath, and the first note of her song floated through her parted lips as lightly as down upon the breeze. She realized, though, as she went on, that she was not up to her best; and the applause which followed was rather weak. However, such things never discouraged her now, she was too well-poised for that; so, at the end of it she smiled just as sweetly in response to the faint cheering as she had in the beginning to that which was hearty.

It was at her second entrance that she looked carelessly over the crowd to see where any especial personal

friends smiled back at her. As her eyes, having taken note of these greetings, roved idly over the rows of faces directly in front of her, one—a woman's face held her attention an instant by something familiar in it that sent a faint chord vibrating and echoing through the halls of memory. She could not quite catch it, for it ever eluded her grasp. Then came the deep breath again, she closed her eyes and began to sing. When she opened them, they looked straight into a pair of dark ones that seemed somehow to draw her with strange magnetic power. She could not get away from that woman's face. Again and again she tore herself loose from the spell, only to find that, she knew not how, she was still looking into the up-turned, eager face with its dream-haunted eyes; till at last, yielding, she sang on to the soul in their depths.

When she came the third time before the foot-lights, it was with a determination not again to be bound by the strange fascination. According to an old habit, as old as her career, she closed her eyes until she was well started, and when she opened them again, she looked resolutely above the point at which her enchantress would be in her line of vision. Her glance was directed a moment toward the boxes on her left, and then—something seemed suddenly to break within her, and only by a mighty effort did she keep the sound of it out of her voice. The intent gaze of the woman had no longer any power to draw her. She was face to face, across tier upon tier of intervening faces, with one she had not thought to look upon again, and the sight of it reawakened something she fancied she had stilled forever.

Everything swam in mist before her, azure mist that somehow seemed to emanate from the blue depths of a man's eyes. She could not see them well, but she knew of old their color, and the memory of them brought with it the perfume of violets. Suddenly, and all unawares, she had come upon his bared soul looking out at her, and her own leapt up to meet it. Then time and space were as nothing between them. Her soul sang to his soul, and the rest of the people did not matter.

Not for one instant did the singing falter; but she sang as one in a dream. She seemed no more to have any bodily presence, but her spirit and his, in that moment when they sprang forth to meet each other, had in some way loosed their fetters and escaped from their earthly cages, to float far away toward the vaulted ceiling, borne thither on the wings of her voice—which was a part of her soul—while it sang on, but only to him.

The last note died away, the scene was closed. For a moment a pin-fall might have been heard; then the applause broke deafening, and showers of roses covered the stage. Her arms full of American Beauties, she turned to bow and smile in her gracious fashion. *He* threw no flowers, nor sent any; but still sat as she had first seen him, or rather his body did, his soul was yet with her own.

Not the applause, nor the bouquets, nor even her brief rest behind the scenes had power to dispel the dream. As it was this time, so it was to the end. Occasionally, as one only half-conscious, she took note of some little thing. Once it was a look of unearthly joy, mingled with something of pride which she could not then understand, lighting the dark features of the woman who had first attracted her attention. All the time she could see dimly another woman—by the man's side—but only *his* face and form

were clear. Like the flitting pageant of a dream were the other things. Her body itself seemed no part of her: only her voice and that throbbing within were alive, and linked with the spirit that drifted up to her from the welling depths of his blue eyes.

Again and again she responded to an encore; again and again was laden with flowers. Not once did her smile fail, nor the rich, vibrant timbre of her voice. Then, it was all over, and she was alone in her dressing-room—alone with her flowers. Even Felice was not there, having been sent on an errand. She buried her face in the coolness of the blossoms, and their fragrance soothed her aching head. Tomorrow, these (all except a few from personal friends) would go to cheer the sick, and bed-ridden, and lonely. (That was what she always did with her flowers.) Would it make their perfume any dearer to the heart-hungry that they had been wet with a prima donna's tears?

A card fell into her hand from some La France roses near the edge of the table. Idly she raised her head and read the name upon the little white slip:

John Westfall Morton.

The letters turned to flame, and burned themselves upon her brain. Then, her eyes caught one little letter—the *s* at the end of the prefix! It was *Mrs.* not *Mr.* The engraving turned from crimson to black again; the hot blood receded from her face; she realized that the night was chill, and that she was taking cold; then Felice came in, wrapped her up, and bundled her into her carriage.

III.

The afternoon was warm with the warmth of Spring's young blood, just beginning to flow as sap into the trees, as song into bird throats, and as hope into human hearts. The grass of the lawns, and the oaks and elms in the parks were not yet parched and dust-covered. A smile of renewed youth lay upon the struggle-marred face of the city, and Nature's elixir of life crept like wine to quicken the weary hearts of earth's toilers.

Madamoiselle Caro's apartments were cool and dim, breathing an elusive fragrance that had almost the effect of caresses. In the library only one window was open to the light which filtered softly through filmy curtains moving ever so little in the gentle breeze. Furnished in exquisite taste, this room was itself a poem in artistic arrangement, fitting background for the Grecian statue that had apparently left its pedestal, and, detaching itself from the shadows, moved now, alive and supple, amid other statues, and over rich rugs to a seat near the open window. This was, indeed, no marble semblance, but the flesh-and-blood reality of a beautiful woman, far finer than anything man ever carved in marble. As a matter of fact, it was no less a person than Madamoiselle Caro herself, arrayed in a white flowing robe of Grecian cut which served to enhance the statuesque effect.

She held in her hand a book, and, as she dropped into the depths of a great arm-chair, she opened the volume upon her knee; but she did not even make a show of reading. For awhile she looked out of the window, over the tops of clustering houses, apparently toward a distant point on the sky-line. Then at last, her head fell back against the cool leather cushions, and her eyes closed. Gradually, as face and form relaxed, many a tired line, hitherto concealed, crept out around mouth and eyes; and a

look of desolation and dejection overspread all her features, as slowly, her power of resistance all gone, she let hopelessness take complete possession of her spirit. For a full hour she sat thus, and no one disturbed her, for she had told Felice that she wished to rest, and had given her strict orders to deny her to all who might come.

Throughout the day this dullness and dreariness had oppressed her; but, until now, she had fought it down, telling herself that it was just reaction from the tension of the night before and would pass with the passing of the hours. But, although she had struggled against it bravely through each moment of the long day, now as evening came on, the mood but deepened, and all her strength to fight seemed gone.

Wearily her brain, though all unwilling, summoned the events of the past night; and again, with the distinctness of first happening, they passed in review before her up to the very end when Felice had helped her into her carriage and the horses' hoofs began pounding over the pavement. Oh! the abysmal stillness of that long ride home with Felice sitting stonily opposite, pretending not to see that Madamoiselle's face was ghostly white, and trying not to look alarmed!

That was all—the end of all, something had kept shouting in her ears, try as she would to stifle its voice. Youth, and love, and joy—therefore, life—were over for her. Existence is not living when the heart is dead. A little poem, worn with quotation, yet beautiful still, rang like the hoarse music of a dirge in her ears:

"The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of a whole world dies
At set of sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done."

Numbers of great carriages had rolled up this morning in front of her house; in her drawing-room, she received women who had danced with princes; footmen, in liveries of the all-powerful, brought notes and gifts to her door; 'extras,' with her name in big headlines, were cried before day in the streets; and telegrams from all parts of the world now lay on her desk. It was the culmination of the great world's praise, which had been growing steadily day by day. She had made the supreme hit of her career, over all opposition and discouragement, her great gift, through an even greater courage, had triumphed. Her name rang from continent to continent, and kings were pleased to show her favor. One of the telegrams on her desk was a request that she sing at a court high in the world's esteem. But, Madamoiselle Caro herself was tired and dispirited. Her cheeks were pale, desolate lines showed about her mouth, her eyes were closed, and she dreamed of other days—days when she was only Madge Porter, before she had acquired the dignity of a stage name, and the burden of an over-full heart.

Even last night, with its strange mingling of pain and exaltation, after awhile passed on, and she was borne back across the years to a time when she and her career were both young, when all the hopefulness and enthusiasm of youth buoyed her up. It was one summer down by the sea, whither she had gone to rest after

a winter of almost incredible labor and endurance. One day, as she sat upon the beach, idly looking out across the water, a man strolled up, and into her life as casually as a shell is tossed upon the sand. She had met him formally the night before; today, after the fashion of summer acquaintances, they began to be friends.

Ah! the days of that summer by the sea! There was a light upon them that shone over no others along the way. One of them especially stood out from all the rest, pictured to her now for an instant by the flash-light of memory. He and she were sitting together in a well-loved nook, watching the sails that appeared, in the distance, to rest as idly as dream-boats upon the bosom of the ocean; and smiling sympathetically to the children who played in the sand nearby with no thought that the great monster would after awhile come creeping in and wash away all traces of their building. Away on one side, an old horse, his best days far in the past, grazed undisturbed amid lush grasses, and dreamed of race-tracks, perhaps, and blue ribbons—who knows? A marsh hen, alarmed by some slight noise, scuttled to cover, followed by her brood. Far across the gleaming water, where the sun's setting made a path of fire, a noble ship rode into the harbor, pushing forth huge waves, which set in motion other waves, ending in a ripple at the feet of the watchers.

"Do you know," said the man, "I think that ship is a picture of what your life is to be?—a great ship that is able to weather wild storms, and sail at last into port with flags flying; while out from it, up to the very last of the journey, go many waves to touch other craft, and to lap softly upon distant shores. See! that little sail-boat tossed, and almost overturned by the swell coming from the big vessel! How little worth while it looks by the side of the other!—I think this means my life, as the other means yours."

Again Caro felt the hot blush dye her face to the roots of her hair, as, with a little embarrassed laugh, she had answered him. "Do you think so? To me, the little boat looks far happier as it dances merrily along. The steamer seems weather-beaten and weary; and what heavy burdens she must carry beneath her calm appearance!"

Just as she ceased speaking, another sail-boat came up to join the first and together they glided toward the beach. "See!" she cried; "the boat has company now, we need not pity it any more." And this time it was he who flushed. "I like the big one best still," he said simply. "To be alone doesn't always mean loneliness, nor—". He broke off, biting his lip; and the echo of that unfinished sentence shouted like a trumpet in Madamoiseile Caro's ears across the vast stretch of intervening days.

At last came the end of her seaside romance, and it was all as real to her now as on the night before he went away—the beach gleaming white under a pale, starry sky, the sea in its eternal unrest, the fanning of the sea-breeze upon her cheek, and the sound of his voice in her ears.

The words he spoke were such as friends speak before a long parting, but in his eyes she read a deeper meaning. Her hand fluttered for an instant, like a caged bird, in his strong clasp; then lay quite still. Reverently he bowed, and pressed it with his lips, and that was all. They strolled back across the strip of white

sand, across the shadowy yard, to the hotel, where they said good-night quietly.

At four o'clock, she started out of a fitful sleep at the weird sound of a locomotive whistle cutting through the silence. Behind the engine, she knew, trailed a west-bound train, carrying him back to his work—some common-place job in a small town—no matter what, nor where. Two weeks later, she returned to her career in the great wide world.

Since then, she had sung her way below shams and outside crusts, straight down into the hearts of millions of people. Fame had touched her with its glittering light; and more than one man of high rank and name, had laid his fortune at her feet. But, she could not quite forget a summer acquaintanceship down by the sea—summer flirtation the whispering ones called it—and, no matter how often and positively she assured herself that this was buried, along with other dead-and-gone things, far out of sight and call, yet it did somehow have a startling way of bobbing up again at times.

It was an old, old story. They loved each other that rose-colored summer long ago; and he knew that he loved her, but what was he to presume upon a popular singer's gracious friendliness? To pass a few weeks in vacation, more or less pleasantly, with him, was one thing; to link her brilliant future with his obscure name, was another—quite another. On the other hand, she had not known then that she loved him. Her thoughts were so filled with bright hopes and prophecies of the future for which she was striving, with every other earthly want subordinated to that end. It was well enough to have a little romance to flavor the lazy life of an enforced rest; but, when work should begin again, then there would be no time nor place in her calendar for love or lovers.

Ah! how poorly she had made calculations after all! Something kept creeping in—a factor she had not counted on; it wasn't much, but it spoiled all the result. Too late, she knew and understood. The 'psychological moment' had passed. After all she was woman before she was artist: she could not sue for a man's regard.

So, there was nothing left to her now to speak of those golden days, save a few trinkets, a note, and a newspaper clipping. Somewhere these were put away amid the dust of forgotten roses; and she tried to feel that they were to her only trifling souvenirs of a passing fancy, kept for some silly caprice of sentiment. Was it not strange, then, that she could go straight to them now? Unlocking the quaint mahogany desk, she drew from its hiding-place among keep-sakes of her girlish triumphs, a small rosewood box; and, with nervous defiance of her own disapproval, she opened it, and took out first the clipping. This was cut from some weekly sheet published in an obscure little town, lost somewhere in the great heart of America. Upon its inch or two of yellowed surface was spread a simple announcement of the marriage of *Helen Palmer Grey* to *John Westfall Morton*, on the 15th day of September, 18—. The paper was already grown dingy, and began to exhale a faint mustiness. Caro laid it by, and took up the note.

That bore date a month or more earlier than the clipping. "Forgive me! Oh! forgive me for coming," she read. "Surely this could do you no harm. I love you so, and must tell you now, since you are not ever to have to see me again! I am to

be married in September. I shall not try to explain. Perhaps you would understand; perhaps you wouldn't. I'll not weary you with the story, but only ask you to believe that I am true to you,—and *shall be* true to her. I know the world would say I am *mad* to slip back here to the old place at sunset and steal just this one sweet kiss from you while you sleep. It is only one! Forgive me, if that is too much for a lifetime!—J. W. M."

How it all came rushing over her—the dear old spot where they had so often sat and looked out across the ocean, the happy, bare-legged children digging their toes into the sand, the water lapping on the beach, and the sun dipping into the sea, as if, weary of his own light and heat, he would fain refresh himself for the vigor and beauty of another rising. Madamoiselle Caro, then only beginning to use that name, had gone back there alone one evening, two years after her first meeting with John Morton, not dreaming that he was actually near, but just to comfort her heart a little by living over again in memory the dear days she had turned from so lightly once. Worn by the heat of a long day, and the insistent haunting of unpleasant thoughts, she had fallen asleep about sunset, to dream strange dreams of him. When she awoke, it was quite late and the tide was coming in. As she sprang up hastily, a paper fell rustling to the ground. Stooping, she picked it up, and read for the first time these impulsive words of love.

The sea-view faded from Caro's vision, the white sails no longer glided over the water, and the lapping of the tide dropped to a ghostly silence. The little note slipped from her hand, and her head, with its wonderful hair the color of new copper in the sun, but dulled to bronze now in the shadows—the head that had been held high before so many critical throngs—was laid upon her curved arm, and her lips pressed the little old scrap of paper with its fading scrawl of boyish love. She was not of those who cry out at the fall of the lash; there were no sobs, even her eyes were dry, all her frame was still, and the only sound to break the silence in the room was the inevitable ticking of the clock.

The note had said she was not to see him any more; but last night she had come upon his face looking at her from amid a crowd. It had grown older, and care had marred its manly beauty, but she recognized it. She knew, too, that the promise of fidelity written long ago on the torn leaf of a memorandum book, had been kept throughout the years—to her, and yet to that other, he had been true!

The white curtains flapped softly in the evening breeze, beckoning her to her favorite place at the window; from a nearby park, a mocking-bird she had half-tamed came and perched upon the window-sill, trilling till his throat seemed in a fair way to burst; the mellow light of the sun in its passing streamed over the beautiful things Caro had gathered about her, and rested caressingly upon her loosened hair, setting it on fire with glory, and turning its bronze to new copper again; but she did not move, and the usual answering note was gone from her heart.

At last, as one girding one's self for the final battle, she drew herself up with a mighty effort, took from the tray a card—the one with the name that might have been hers upon it—and, slipping it in among those other keepsakes of that dead summer, she locked them all away in the desk, and began a slow walk up and

down. She was making the last brave fight for her self-possession.

There was a burring of the electric bell in Felice's room, a pattering of the maid's light feet down the stairs, then, to Madamoiselle Caro's surprise, she heard Felice's voice calling gently at her own door. A quick look of annoyance crossed her face. Her orders had been most strict. What could Felice mean? But, as always, ready to be generous toward the girl, she called her "Entrez!" pleasantly, as if she had desired that young lady's presence. The girl came forward timidly, holding out her tray with a card upon it. Madamoiselle extended a repelling hand. "Felice!"

"Yes, Madamoiselle; I know! But, listen!—dear Madamoiselle! The lady, she is most pleading. She almost weep, and say she *must* see you. Say she knew you once. And, Madamoiselle," Felice finished diplomatically, "the perfume of violets!—Ah, so!"

Madamoiselle Caro smiled, even in her suffering, at the maid's dexterous appeal to her well-known weakness; and somehow, for what earthly reason she could not tell, as she waited to receive her caller, her mind turned aside completely from its painful train of thought, and reverted to a day still farther past, to a room that looked like "a wreck upon the shores of life," her room-mate had said, to a group of school-girls in various stages of preparation for town. One was standing in front of the bit of mirror, critically surveying the result of her past hour's labor, and laving her eyebrows in violet water. It was her little foolish school-girl self. Another stood waiting, a dark-haired girl, she, too, breathing forth the fragrance of violets. The room-mate stood by and laughed at their various small vanities, that practical little room-mate with the saint's face. Then the girl turned from the mirror, smiling herself, and, twining one arm about each of the others, she led them forth singing down the hall.

The door opened so softly she scarcely heard. Caro looked up. Could it be possible?—the Little Girl of Dreams? The great singer came forward almost panting, her arms half-extended. The caller moved into the band of light from the window. Caro's face fell. Day-dreaming had played strange tricks with her eyesight. It was only the woman whose dark face had drawn her so strangely the night before, and she knew now that it was but a haunting resemblance to an old school-mate, that had wrought the charm. Another time she might have been glad, for curiosity's sake, to meet her, but now, by association, recognition brought a quick pain, and it took all her self-control to keep her composure unbroken. Her face fell, and her manner stiffened into its usual well-bred formality, as she glanced hurriedly at the card to recall a name all unfamiliar.

"Mrs. Chapley?" she said, extending her hand. "Yes," replied the other; then added, with a smile that set the chords of memory thrilling again, "but I have not always been!"

Caro offered her a seat, sat down herself, and waited. The visitor seemed to shrink slightly, and almost to falter. However, it had taken all her courage to bring her so far, and she had no intention of retreating. With an evident effort, she pulled herself together, and leaned forward until her face was quite near that of the great singer. Her dark eyes looked up pleadingly into the eyes of the public idol. Caro saw she was near to breaking down, and she smiled encouragingly, but impersonally. "I have come a long way to hear you—

to see you—Madge," said the woman timidly. "Don't you know me—yet?"

Madamoiselle Caro's arms, swift and graceful, were about the slender figure, and the bronze of her hair mingled with the ebony and silver of the other. "*Dear* Little Girl of Dreams!" she cried, in a sobbing voice which the great world had never heard. "Thank God! you have come to me!"

There is no need of knowing just how it came about. They could not have told accurately themselves. But, there do come times when it is given to the weak to hold up the weary hands of the strong; to the small it is given to comfort the great. The Prima Donna and the Woman of Whom the World has Never Heard, were sitting together on the spacious leather couch, and the singer was weeping upon the other's shoulder.

Gradually, as a storm is calmed, the sobbing ceased, and the room grew very still. Imagination bore both the women back again across the years, beyond their cares and disillusions, to three gray stone steps beside a spring. The substantial couch on which they sat, seemed to melt away, while the Prima Donna and the Woman of Whom the World Has Never Heard, were carried over the gulf that separation and growth apart had fixed until in the far away Country of Bygones, they met, and became once again the Greek Goddess and the Little Girl of Dreams. Red-brick walls loomed frowningly all around, and graceful forms flitted between the trees; but the stone steps were quiet and deserted save for the two white-clad figures.

"And your dreams, Little Girl, your dreams? What of them? Have they all come true since we parted?" It was the Goddess who broke the silence.

The Little Girl of Dreams shook her head sadly. "No," she answered; "only one of them has amounted to anything much. 'Tis the vision I saw that May evening long ago, down by the spring, when I had read you some of my nonsense. You remember how I prophesied about your future? Well, I felt strangely confident that there was something in it. It did come really true a long time ago, I know; but, for me, it came true last night when I sat and gazed into your dear face again after so many years, heard you sing—like that—, and saw how all those people hung breathless upon every note. Oh! It was wonderful! My soul left my body entirely, and drifted about, raised heavenward on the wings of your voice." Caro made a quick, involuntary gesture of entreaty.

"Ah!" breathed the Little Girl of Dreams. "Have I hurt you, dear? Forgive me! I knew, I understood a little. I saw that there was something—something the crowd could not fathom. Do you remember I said you would have to suffer first—before the great triumph? It has all come, I know. That is one reason I am here. I want to take you away—away from it all for a time. Leave the Mountains of Fame and Loneliness awhile, to dwell with me, my Greek Goddess, in my Garden of Obscure Content. Will you come?" She paused, but her friend was silent, and so she continued: "You are tired—so tired. The world is a cold place after all. Come, oh! come with me to my quiet corner. It is a small, plain place, perhaps; but there are friendly faces always, and in the chilly evenings a fire burns warmly on the hearth. You will not refuse me this?"

A long sigh moved the broad shoulders of the Greek Goddess, and, for the space of it, she did not speak. Then she raised her head, and kissed the pale cheek of her girlhood friend. "You are so good to me, dear Little Girl," she whispered; "I will go."

IV.

"And you?" asked the Greek Goddess of the Little Girl of Dreams, as they sat talking together one winter evening over a cheerful fire of logs down in the Garden of Content—Garden of Paradise it had proved to the sore heart of the singer. "What has become of all your dreams, Little Girl? I can't ever get you to tell me about them. We have talked of everything else but that, and that's just the thing I want to hear!"

She drew the gray head, that had once been so dark, down upon her shoulder, and gave the worn hand an affectionate squeeze as in those old stone-step days. The dusky twilight from without, and the rosy firelight from within, mingled, touching with a mixture of loving radiance and soft gloom, the familiar objects in Mrs. Chapley's little library. The fire was none of your modern makeshifts, subordinating beauty to utility—it was an old-fashioned open fire of logs, laid neatly upon brass andirons that had been handed down from generation to generation many times, but still gave back a gleaming reflection.

The flame had burned low now, and the light without was changing from dusk to silver as the moon came riding up her pathway in the eastern sky. A log burned in two, and fell apart, sending a tiny swarm of sparks upon their joyous, short-lived journey up the chimney—like the dreams of one's youth so buoyant with hope, ready for life, so soon to fade into nothingness when the cold air strikes. The Little Girl of Dreams leaned over and stroked the noble head of an old dog that lay on the hearth-rug dreaming of past glories. Once more her eyes grew dark and pleading; but only the old hunter saw, as he opened his own, age-dimmed, and blinked affectionately up into his mistress's face; and he did not understand.

"I left my Valley of Dreams long ago," she said, "and entered, through the Gateway of Love, into this Garden of Content. At first, I used to run back often to the Valley, it was so near; and I played there many a long summer day with my dreams, and many a shining hour was spent trying to send them floating upward on little, soft, white wings, to rest upon the snow-capped mountains. But, they were feeble ,and few of them could fly at all. Those that did reach the mountain-tops, were frail, and could not live in the cold and loneliness there, so they soon died.

"Then, gradually, day by day, the walls of my Garden seemed to mount higher, and higher, until I might no longer even peep over them into my Valley of Dreams. I went there no more, and—I know not what has become of my little fancies. They are dead, poor things, I suppose, without me. But, it matters little, they would have perished anyway as soon as they touched the snow of the mountains; and I could not always wander idly among them down in the Valley of Dreams." Her voice as she spoke assumed a cheerful gaiety, though it quavered a mite in places. Life's lessons had not all been unheeded, and failure had taught her strength. There was no place in her busy life for repining; only at such rare times as this did she once and again uncover the face of the dead. But, the Greek Goddess, as she listened, wondered if

her eyes did not sometimes turn wistfully toward her Valley, and if in her heart she did not now and then put white flowers, tear-wet, upon the little graves of her dear, dead Dreams.

The great singer began to understand that there might be, after all, this other kind of suffering, though so different, yet almost as great as her own. The heights were lonely—unbearably so at times—but a Garden of Obscure Content must seem very small to one whose Dreams had fluttered, even feebly, toward the Mountain Peaks!

So, in the soft dimness of mingled firelight and twilight, with the silvery moon rising over all, the Greek Goddess and the Little Girl of Dreams each looked in loving pity on the half-bared heart of the other; until, after awhile, the Little Girl, brushing aside the white, beckoning hands that drifted up from her past, donned her apron, and prepared to bustle about the tea-table, while the Goddess looked out again upon a world where there were weary hearts to heal, glad in her own that God had given her the power to comfort them. Together the women arose, each, by the disappointment of the other, strengthened for life and its needs—the one for the loftiness and loneliness of her Mountain Peak, the other for the pleasant mediocrity of her Garden of Content. Then, the Prima Donna kissed tenderly the lips of this Woman of Whom the World Has Never Heard. "The rest has done me good, Little Girl," she said. "I think now I can go back and sing to the tired old world."

DAWN

By Grace Kirkland

O Life, thy days are many hours too long!
Yet tonic noon, like a bluff friend, means well,
Whose grief-defying challenge rings: "Rebel!
Shame on self-pitying tears! To work! Be strong!"
—Night hath its revelry,—its wine and song,
Prelude to sodden sleep; perchance a spell
Be woven of lovely dreams that faintly tell
Of happiness sequestered from all wrong;

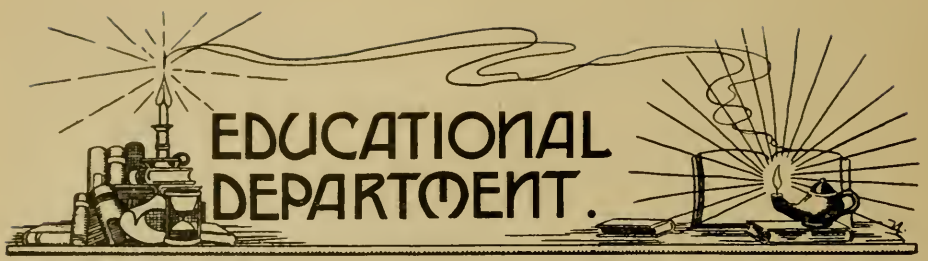
* * * * * *

But Oh, the innocent, the cruel dawn,
That sports, a thoughtless child, with fresh-roused pain,
And, mischief-loving, bids us to partake
Of unforgotten joy forever gone!
—Each radiant, mocking morn we sob again:
"Why *must* we wake, who had no *wish* to wake?"

TO-MORROW

By Anne McQueen

To-day I sought, in nothing found Success;
Life proffered wine, I overturned the cup,
And drank but sluggish lees of impotence!
Fair Opportunity came, seeking my abode
To tarry with me—and the door was shut!
I marked Fame's temple, set upon a hill,
And might have reached it, but I turned aside
Where Pleasure's mirage in the desert shone
With sweet alluring, and found—emptiness!
But, if I failed to-day, shall I give o'er,
And drift as wreckage down the sea of time?
Nay, when to-morrow comes, with golden store
Of Hope's bright coin, I shall redeem to-day.
I'll deck my house with roses, and within
Wait, that I miss not Opportunity.
To-morrow will I drink no bitter lees,
But quaff the sweetest nectar life can give.
To-morrow I shall climb the templed heights,
And, if I fail, why, by Endeavor's God,
I'll try again to-morrow—and to-morrow,
Till mine eyes close upon their last to-day,
And open, somewhere in eternity,
Upon to-morrow—glorified, fulfilled!



Luthersville, Ga.

Thomas E. Watson,

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sir and Brother:—

Will you please answer the following questions through your Jeffersonian:

No. 1. What is meant by 10.40s, 7.30s, 6.20s, etc.?

No. 2. Can a silver dollar be on a parity at more or less than the legal ratio of 16 to 1?

No. 3. Name all the different kinds of money that are absolute legal tender.

Reply.

No. 1. By "10.40s" are meant the Government Bonds which may be paid in ten years but are not strictly due till forty years.

By "7.30s" are meant the Bonds issued to pay off the Federal troops at the close of the war. They are so called because they bore interest at 7.30 per cent.

By "6.20s" are meant the Bonds of 1881 bearing 6 per cent. interest and running for twenty years.

No. 2. Any silver dollar will be on a parity with any gold dollar whenever the government stamps them with the same dollar-mark, and puts back of each the same law that it shall be a full legal tender in payment of debts and taxes.

The 16 to 1 ratio more nearly approximates the natural difference between the values of the two metals, as commodities, than any other, but a government which has shown that it can lift paper into all the dignity of gold and which shows every day that it can make a few cents worth of copper or nickel pass for a dollar, can do the same for silver.

Take away from the $20 gold piece the "fiat" of this great government, melt it up, or let a car wheel run over it—then take it to a jeweler and see what you can get for the gold without the stamp.

As long as the $20 gold piece remains in its present shape it is declared by the government to be $20. It is good for that amount of debt and taxes anywhere, because the law says so.

But the moment you change its shape and lose the government stamp the thing which the law recognized as **money** is gone, and you have only got a commodity which you must sell like cotton or wheat, or which you must have coined at a possible loss.

For instance, you might have a $20 gold piece much worn by usage. As long as it keeps its coin shape it is $20, just as the bran new gold piece is—with the proviso hereafter named. But suppose you drop the old coin in a pot and melt it, who loses the metal which has been worn away? You do.

While you keep it in shape, the law backs it against the new coin, no matter how much difference there may be in the actual weight of the gold—provided the

loss does not exceed what the law calls the "limit of tolerance."

Therefore it is the fiat of the government, and not the amount of gold, which makes the dollar.

Try it with the average $20 gold piece, and you will discover that you cannot sell the gold in the $20 gold piece for as much as $18.

Last week our friend Mills, of Chattanooga, made the experiment on a $20 gold piece and he could not sell it for $18.00.

Thus the commodity value of a gold dollar can shrink, but the **Money value** never varies as long as the stamp is there —provided the "limit of toleration" be not passed.

No. 3. Gold. Silver. Paper. Nickel. Copper. Under the **law** silver is absolute legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, where not otherwise specified in the contract. Greenbacks, Treasury Notes are absolute legal tender except for Customs Duties and interest and principal of the Bonds.

Nickel and Copper are absolute legal tender, but for only twenty-five cents in any one payment.

It is the illegal practice of the government which has practically thrown the country upon the single gold standard.

By limit of toleration is meant one-half of one per cent. Within this limit the government will receive at par all gold dollars no matter how much worn. Beyond this limit the loss of wear and tear must be borne by the holder of the gold coin.

On $600,000,000 of gold coin one-half of one per cent. is $3,000,000. Therefore the government fiat is worth just three millions of dollars to the Money Kings who hold our gold coin, and who denounce the "Fiat money."

Oakpark, Ga., Aug. 4, 1908.

Hon. T. E. Watson,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—

Will you kindly answer the following questions through the Jeffersonian, and oblige?

1st. How much surplus money was in the United States Treasury at the time of Cleveland's first inauguration, and how much at the close of his first term?

2nd. How much when Harrison was inaugurated, and how much at the close of his term?

3rd. How much when Cleveland was inaugurated the second time, and how much at the close of his second term?

Thanking you in advance for the facts as to who it was that gobbled up the People's Money, I am

Yours very truly,

Answers.

1. When Cleveland was elected in 1884, there was in the United States Treasury a surplus of $392,000,000. By July of 1885, this had increased to $484,000,000.

2. In July, 1888, the whole amount of cash in the Treasury, including the $100,000,000 Gold Reserve was $598,000,000.

This latter sum, therefore, was practically the general amount of cash on hand when Harrison was inaugurated, but **"the net cash balance" was only $107,000,000,** owing to the fact that the Gold Reserve was not available for ordinary expenses and there were various "demand liabilities" outstanding against all but the $107,000,000.

At the close of Harrison's term, the **public debt showed a decrease of $125,000,000.**

3. At the close of Cleveland's second term **the public debt showed an increase of $197,000,000;** and the net cash balance was $133,000,000. In addition to this, our dearly beloved, most costly, and entirely useless Gold Reserve of $100,000,000 was on hand, pretty to look at but answering no earthly purpose save that of contracting the currency to that amount, and adding that much to the money-power's control of the financial market.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS

The Populist Party, Past and Present.

In this presidential campaign that is now on the Populist Party is to be revived, and become an active participant in the struggle for votes. This announcement was made by the Populist Convention held in Atlanta and it was given force by the formal acceptance by Hon. Thos. E. Watson, of Georgia, of his nomination for president by the Populist Party, which was officially presented to him at that convention. This revival of the Populist Party has again attracted interest and a desire to know what that party is and for what it contends:

The Populist Party had its origin in the farmers' alliance movement twenty years ago, and the farmers' alliance was called into being by the exactions of the railroads and trusts. Preceding the farmers' alliance had come the granger organization, which first made war on railroad extortion, and won important concessions. But the granger movement was of western origin and confined principally to the west. The farmers' alliance was of southern origin, and going deeper into the cause and effect of the evils against which it protested, it rapidly spread from the South over the west, and united the producers of these two great sections into one great, splendidly organized body.

In 1890 there was held at Ocala, Fla., the first and only national convention of this body. It was attended by regularly chosen and accredited delegates of the alliance from nearly every State in the Union, and as the result of its labors it enunciated what became famous as the Ocala platform. Of such startling, revolutionary nature were the declarations of this pronunciamento that it was received with general alarm by the conservatives of the whole country. It was mercilessly attacked, ridiculed, and its authors denounced unsparingly as socialists and anarchists, or at best fools. But the principles enunciated in that platform, so violently denounced then, have now been adopted by both old parties. In more or less unchanged form its planks are found in the platforms recently adopted by both Republican and Democratic Parties. But while the principles it set forth survived, their formal declaration caused the death of the organization which gave them birth.

The farmers' alliance was a non-partisan organization. It embraced men of all political parties, and Republicans of the west were as zealous alliancemen as Democrats of the South. To contend for the adoption of the principles promulgated required political action, and since both old parties spurned these principles a new party was needed. This was formed at a convention held in Cincinnati, in which representatives of organized labor joined, and where the new party, first called the people's party, which was later changed to Populist Party, was born. The birth of the child caused the death of the parent, for no sooner had the new party been fully organized than interest was lost in the non partisan organization, and it quickly dwindled away and died.

The first national convention of the

new party was held on July 4, 1892, at Omaha, Neb. It adopted the platform which has ever since remained the Populist creed. It also nominated Weaver and Field as its presidential candidates, and prosecuted an active campaign in the South and west. The result was a popular vote for its ticket of over a million. Four states were carried completely, Colorado, Kansas, Nevada and Idaho, with twenty electoral votes, while an additional vote each was contributed by Oregon and North Dakota. In addition ten members of congress were elected, and several governors of States. In the election of 1894 still greater gains were made, the popular vote being increased to two millions, with eleven members of congress and three United States senators.

Complete national victory seemed assured for 1896. But the Democratic Party in its platform that year adopted so much of the Populist platform, and nominated W. J. Bryan, who announced that he stood at the parting of the ways, for president, that the Populists listened to overtures for fusion. Having first nominated Thos. E. Watson as their candidate for vice-president, upon the pledge of Chairman J. K. Jones of the Democratic Party that the Democratic nominee for vice-president, Sewall, of Maine, would be withdrawn, they also nominated Bryan as their candidate for president. The election of this fusion ticket was assured, if the fusionists stood true.

But they didn't. Believing that under the arrangement made Bryan would carry the needed states in the West, and that the South would go Democratic in any event, the Democratic leaders failed to carry out their part of the compact. Sewall was retained on the ticket, Watson was ignored and the Populists were insulted. Realizing too late that they had been duped and that no faith could be put in the Democratic Party as it was then controlled, the Populists in large numbers voted the Republican ticket. McKinley came dangerously near carrying Georgia. He did carry Kentucky and other states which would have been certain for Bryan otherwise, and the result was Republican victory and McKinley's election.

The western Populists, who in many states had obtained control of their State government, favored continued fusion, to get the help of the democrats in controlling State affairs, and the Southern Populists, who were bitterly fought by the Democrats, opposed fusion with a party that stood as their implacable enemy at home. A split resulted with the usual result of a house divided against itself. The once so promising party which was championed by over two thousand newspapers dwindled so that in 1900 Wharton Barker, its candidate for president, received only 50,000 votes; and by 1904 out of all its newspapers only two remained alive, one in Augusta, Ga., and the other in a small city in Missouri.

That under these conditions Mr. Watson should have accepted the nomination of the Populist Party for president in 1904 came as a surprise. Mr. Watson had been the leader of the Populists, but he had retired from politics eight years before. As a militant party the Populist Party was dead, and that it could ever be revived as such was contrary to all examples of history. It had become merely a party protest. The seeds sown in the Ocala platform were bearing fruit. Both old parties were striving with each other to see which of them could

appropriate most timber from this once despised platform. All that the Populist Party could do was to foster the growing of these seed by making protest when there was a turning back. Such turning back was attempted by the Democrats in 1904, when they nominated Judge Parker upon a Wall Street platform, telegraphed to the convention by the candidate after his nomination was assured. Tom Watson accepted the Populist nomination, to give effect to this protest against the abandonment of Populist principles by the Democratic Party, after once having espoused them, and the result of this protest was the defeat of Parker by the greatest majority, in the popular vote and in the electoral college, which ever overwhelmed a Democratic candidate for president.

But why does Tom Watson again accept the Populist nomination this year? Bryan has been nominated by the Democrats, and he is a more pronounced Populist now than he was twelve years ago when he first arrived at the parting of the ways. Taft is the Republican nominee, and he is said to be the disciple of Roosevelt, the most pronounced Populist among the Republican leaders. Both old party platforms present the appearance of strong bracing with Populist planks. Since it must be conceded that his election is impossible, and that his candidacy is only a protest against something, against what is it, then, that Watson's protest is to be made?

It is against the unfair treatment of the South by the powers that control the Democratic Party. A member of the Georgia delegation to Denver, writing home to his paper, affirmed that a common ward heeler from the north had more weight in the National Democratic Convention than a Southern senator, and he told the truth. Because the South is expected to give its vote solidly to the Democratic nominees, no matter who they are or what they stand for, the South is utterly ignored. It is time to stop this. The South should have had at least the vice-president this year, Clark Howell, of Georgia, who was put in nomination, was turned down, and the place given to an Indiana man who cannot give the ticket as much strength as would have been given it by the Georgian, and who will in all probability fall far short of carrying his own State for the ticket. It is against this that protest is to be made by Mr. Watson's candidacy. Let him carry Georgia, with a good vote in other states, and the northern Democratic Party bosses will learn that the South will no longer kiss the hand that smites it.

This is the reason which led Thos. E. Watson, the nominee of the Populist Party to accept the nomination, as explained in his Atlanta speech. Whether the people will endorse the protest will appear when the votes are counted.—"B. W. J. Henning in Augusta, Ga. Herald."

NEGRO CIRCULAR IN THE SOUTH.

League Advises All Negroes to Support William J. Bryan.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 10.—The National Negro American Political League, through its president, Rev. J. Milton Waldron, of Washington, D. C., today addressed an open letter to the negro voters of the South, calling attention to the political crisis in the history of the race, and protesting against the alleged

outrages heaped upon it by the Republican party.

The negroes throughout the country are advised to cast their votes in the national election this fall for William J. Bryan for President.

It is stated the league has been in communication with Bryan for weeks, and that the Democratic leaders have given assurance that they desire the support of the colored people, and that the negro will be treated with fairness and given proper recognition in the matter of appointments to Federal positions, and accorded other rights guaranteed the colored man under the Constitution, in the event Bryan is elected to the Presidency.

The paper goes into an exhaustive history of the negro in politics.

"More than two-thirds of the delegates to the Chicago convention," the letter says, "were officeholders under Roosevelt, and were his willing tools in nominating Taft. In return for this support, Taft pledged himself to carry out the policies of Roosevelt. Taft has repeatedly stated in public that he favors the disfranchisement of the negro. To vote for Taft in the coming election is to cast a vote for the elimination of the race from politics and make possible the disfranchisement of our people in the North and West.

"We are advising our people in order to rebuke the Republican party and bring it back to its original platform of principles, to vote this year for Bryan, and to those who do not care to vote for Bryan, we say vote for any other candidate for the Presidency, except Taft. The future of our people, politically and in every way, is in our hands. We must act now and act as a unit, or we shall soon be serfs and slaves in the land of our birth."—Herald, Washington, D. C.

The Philistine on Bryan.

A politician is a person who prostitutes his power, in order to secure the approval of the many. To succeed in this is dire defeat, no matter what office he secures.

William Jennings Bryan is a very superior man who is voicing infinite twaddle. And to voice twaddle and remain superior is a barren ideality.

Bryan secured his present prominent position before the world by challenging popular fallacies. Now he agrees with everybody, concerning everything.

If ever a speaker pandered to ignorance and superstition, Bill Bryan is the man. To name him in comparison with Jefferson is sacrilege. Bryan is the Great Commonplacer, the Bishop of all Bourgeoisie, the Prince of Sophists. He talks more and says less than any living man. He should be given a statue of punk, decorated with paper flowers.

Says Bryan:—If you ask me if I understand everything in the Bible, I tell you 'no.' If we live up to the things we do understand, we will be kept so busy we won't have time to worry about the things we don't understand.

I want to reach the young men and shame them out of the conceit that it's smart to be skeptical.

It's easier to believe Christ divine than to explain in any other way what He said and did and was.

One of the chief characteristics of Christianity is that it spends millions every year to make life more pleasant for those who can't possibly repay.

If a man refuses to eat anything unless he understands the mystery of growth, he will die of starvation. But mystery does not bother us in the dining-room; only in the church.

If any man can find pleasure or pride in tracing his ancestors back to the monkey, I wouldn't rob him of the satisfaction, but he will not connect me with his family tree without protest. In East Aurora we have eight preachers, on half rations, who talk just like this and quite as well. To answer sentences so lacking in thought would be like bombarding a fog. Poor Bryan—he is making a sprint for oblivion, as every man does who dances for the mob.

At the recent Peace Conference at Carnegie Hall, New York, when Bryan interrupted Sir Robert Ball and came forward to protest against a quotation from Darwin and the Theory of Evolution, saying, "The religion of my mother is good enough for me," there was a silence that was painful, and strong men bowed their heads in shame.

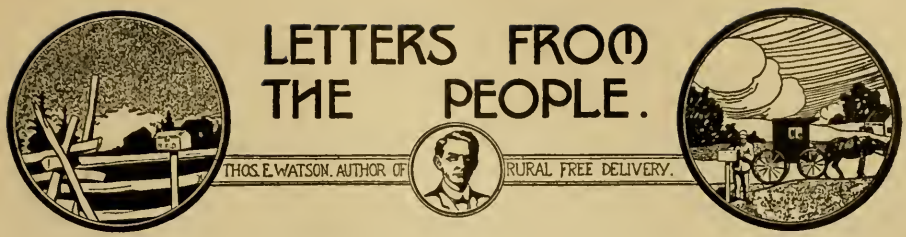
Fortunately, the distinguisht visitor comprehended the situation, and when the Peerless One subsided, quietly continued his speech with no reference to the interruption.

The Nebraskan was evidently wholly innocent of that historical incident when Samuel Wilberforce, "Soapy Sam," Bishop of Oxford, paid gratuitous insult to Darwin, and received that stinging reply from Huxley which lives in letters. Here it is:

I assert and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a man, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with success in his own sphere of activity, plunged into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digression and a skillful appeal to religious prejudices.

Bryan hasn't had a new idea, nor abandoned an old one, since Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six. He is working for a prize which at best will be taken from him in four years' time.—The Philistine.

(Note: When Fra Elbertus reads the Denver platform he will strike second clause of last paragraph.)



Milton, Mass., June 16th, 1908.

Thomas E. Watson, Esq.,

Dear Sir:

Thanks; thanks, thanks by the thousand for your courageous outspeaking regarding that insolvent political empire, fraudulently named the Catholic church. Here in the city of Boston, in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument and Fanueil Hall, within cannon sound of Lexington and Concord the press is censored, lips are muzzled and even our boasted Public Library is Irished from attic to crypt and so ruled by an **index** expurgatories that no new book containing a word unfavorable to the Papal Empire is admitted to its shelves. Incredible as it may seem it is true.

Tomorrow is Bunker Hill day. In the procession which celebrates the day not a Methodist, Baptist nor Protestant of any cult will march as such, but the A. O. H., the K. of C. and every Papal gang will insolently parade with rifles over their shoulders and at the evening banquets brag of a loyalty to America and freedom, a loyalty which has not even a breath of existance. How long are we to endure this rough riding of Priest and Jesuit? God knows but I cannot see how it is to be ended excepting through a desolating war in which Popes and Pierpont Morgans will go down together.

Yet, do not believe that there is no undercurrent among the American people against the aggressions of the Papal empire. There is a tremendous feeling, but it makes little noise. **Irish,—Catholic—Ostentation**—these are synonyms. **American—Protestant—Silence**—till the time for action comes—these are synonyms.—Twelve years ago there were only six lodges of Orangemen in Mass. Now there are 112. They shout not, they parade not, they brag not, but they are here and every man is a patriot. Not long ago I had occasion to learn of the military strength of institutions clearly patriotic and those as clearly foreign and treasonable—result; of the true American—Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, American Mechanics, &c., three millions; of the A. O. H. and all other priest whipped traitors, six hundred thousand. That is a glow of cheering light among the priestly blackness.

A name is often a fine illuminator; let us quit calling **that**, the Catholic church —name it for what it really is, the Papal empire—by this means men will fall into the habit of thinking of it as a great, unscrupulous, political machine and nothing else.—— I enclose a pamphlet written in 1892, it may warm your heart a little—Do not weary, I need not advise you to fear not—The South may yet be the savior of the nation.

I am very truly yours,

Louis Ransom,

"An American Patrician." The story of Aaron Burr, by Alfred Henry Lewis. D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

"The Dean could write well on a broomstick," said poor Stella, having in mind no doubt something fine which he had written of Esther Vanhomsigh. Whether Swift could have written well about so uninspiring a subject as the weapon with which Dame Partington confronted the Atlantic Ocean, one can never know, but we do know that Alfred Henry Lewis writes well on every theme he touches.

A finer character-sketch than that which he wrote of Andrew Carnegie for the Human Life Magazine, some time ago, we have never read; and his analysis of W. J. Bryan is a perfect specimen of keen, profound insight into the methods and motives of the most selfish and superficial of all of our "Celebrities."

We confess that we had had enough of Aaron Burr. After the latest performances of the indefatigable Mr. Pidgin, we mentally voted Aaron a bore. Having defended him in college debate when a boy, having waded through Parton's "Life," and the "Amours of Col. Burr," and "The Burr Conspiracy," and "Blannerhassett," and Mr. Pidgin's other book whose name escapes us just now, and having given Aaron a square deal in "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," we were inclined to lose interest in the subject.

But the volume before us is so instinct with life, throbs with so much human interest, is so original in its use of the rich accumulation of fact, that we are made to feel that the story had never been told before.

To one who turns out the immense amount of work that Mr. Lewis does, the danger is that much of it will be hastily done and, therefore, done crudely. But there is certainly no sign of botch work about this "Aaron Burr." The author seems to have exhausted every source of information bearing upon his subject, and to have omitted few material facts.

The great Maryland lawyer, Luther Martin, was leading counsel of Burr on his trial for treason. He got no fee. In his old age, he became diseased and penniless. He went to New York, knocked at the door of Col. Burr, and was given a warm welcome,—which lasted as long as he lived.

This is the one key-to-character fact that is not given in Mr. Lewis' very remarkable and most interesting work.

We have always maintained Burr was too cruelly treated. There was no fairness in ostracising one duellist who had killed his man. There was no justice in putting Burr on trial for treason, in the Mexico matter when Andrew Jackson was about as deeply involved. As President of the United States, Jackson steered the movement of Sam Houston as he took Texas from the Dons.

The alleged willingness of Burr to accept the Presidency to which Jefferson was entitled, was not a whit worse than Henry Clay's conduct in 1825.

Henry Clay had defended Col. Burr, on his arrest in Kentucky: afterwards, when public opinion had turned against Burr, Clay publicly and ostentatiously refused to touch his offered hand—an incident which did not increase our respect for Clay.

The tender and intense affection felt for Burr by a wife older than himself, and by a daughter who was a pure and noble woman, must always speak powerfully in support of the theory that Aaron Burr was capable of loyalty and devotion.

After all, the traditions about his gallantries, the student is bound to admit that there is not a single scandal on record against him, as there is against Alexander Hamilton, and one or two others whom we could name.

The destructive manner in which Mr. Lewis deals with this over-estimated worthy, Hamilton, causes regret that one cannot be present when Mrs. Gertrude Atherton reads "An American Patrician." Her "Conqueror" being one of the most fantastic of literary pipe dreams,—made up of almost equal portions of glorification of adultery and the creation of historical fables,—Mr. Lewis's "Aaron Burr" is a timely and effective "counter-blast."

"THE RAVEN'S LEAF." Poems, by Mrs. Allie J. Lucas. Fowler Bros., Los Angeles, Calif., publishers.

In the literary work of Mrs. Lucas, there is most unusual depth of spirituality. Saturated with the Emersonian philosophy, her verse is full of mystical meaning and must be studied to be appreciated.

We give space to one of the shorter poems contained in the volume:

THE VEHICLE OF LIFE.

Watch the figure flying faster on the Road,
Master of a great invention, not his own!
He is riding for dear life to beat the load
In the omnibus, goes slower while they groan;
On the larger wheel he's seated "a la mode"
Has the name "re-incarnation" at the Throne,—
Never safe when its companion wheel is flown.

But the smaller, more important, placed before—
Bears the light that turns his darkness into day,
When its spokes get bent or broken, evermore—
'Tis the sign that he has fallen in the "clay;"
Strong at CENTER—wheel of Love will let him soar!
If the Company was good, he has to pay;—
And 'twill serve him when the other bounds away.

His by "violence," or stolen? . . . God forbid!—
Yet the workingman's too poor to have a car,

And to travel on alone! the Law undid—
When the woman was admitted to "the bar";
While the Wheels are held together, they are bid
To put on the "wedding garment,"—for afar!—
Sounds the call for our assemblage at the Star.

"THE SCARLET SHADOW." A story of the great Colorado Conspiracy, by Walter Hurt. Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kans., publishers.

Mr. Hurt is one of the most brilliant of all the many gifted men who write for Socialism. In this book he has dovetailed a love-story into his narrative, but the main purpose of the work was to give to the world a narrative of the hideous Colorado troubles from the point of view of the miners.

As told by Mr. Hurt, the story is a powerful arraignment of the capitalists and the colluding authorities who represented the State.

"REMINISCENCES OF FAMOUS GEORGIANS." Vol. II., by Lucian Lamar Knight. Franklin-Turner Co., publishers, Atlanta, Ga.

In the preface to this second and final volume of the great work to which the author devoted himself more than two years ago, we are told how he came to conceive "the idea of making this sentimental excursion into the Arcadian realm of Georgia Memories. It seemed to him that the work was needed. Not only the old who delight in retrospection, but the young, who are spurred to emulation by the objective force of example, look with absorbed interest upon the shifting scenes of the reminiscent panorama. It is said that one of the most illustrious of ancient generals felt the martial fires burn within him simply by looking upon the statue of Alexander of Macedon. Nevertheless, the dry chronicles of past events are too much like the calcareous contents of the Roman catacombs. They need to be revived and reupholstered. The writer's design has been to avoid the beaten highways of historic travel and to light the great epochal periods of the State with anecdotes and episodes borrowed from the lives of the great men who have made the commonwealth illustrious. Georgia's history is so rich in unique and dramatic material that it requires only the fewest touches from the artist's brush to make it rival the autumnal woods; and the field of exploitation into which the writer has dared to thrust his pen taxes him only with the exercise of taste and judgment in the blending of exquisite colors.

Love's labor is always light; and, though the task of producing two ponderous volumes within the brief space of two years has kept him bound like Prometheus to the rock, he has scarcely felt the gentle fetters. He has daily waxed stronger and younger at his work; but the exhilarating cordial has not come from the vineyards of the San Gabriel valley. It has been distilled, in memory's alembic, on the distant slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains. More invigorating than ocean breeze or upland ozone has been the task of weaving this simple tapestry of reminiscent threads. It has kindled the ruddy glow and stirred the sluggish blood and made the heart beat faster. All other scenes have been excluded; and, alike by day and by night, his visions have ever been of Georgia. On an island of enchantment he has dwelt in an atmosphere of dreams; and, deaf to the siren voices of the sunset

sea, his thoughts have traveled silently and softly eastward like pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land."

The subjects of Vol. II. are Nancy Hart, the Waltons, Josiah Tattnall, John Forsyth, Geo. Troup, the Crawfords, John Milledge, the Le Conte brothers, the Longstreets, Stephens, Yancy, Toombs, Kell, of the Alabama, H. V. Johnson, Ben Hill, Henry Grady, Judge R. H. Clark, Hon. C. F. Crisp, Sam P. Jones, and many others.

Delightfully clear and graceful, the style of Lucian Knight is just the thing for a book like this—a book of memories, of personal descriptions, of biographical sketches.

Every Georgian and every other American who takes an interest in the great work and thought of the men who made the old Empire State a power in the Union should read Mr. Knight's book. It is rich in precious material and the spirit which it breathes is an inspiration to good citizenship.

In the Appendix he has placed a large number of extracts from the speeches of Georgia orators.

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UNCLE 'ZEKE ON SCUPPERNONGS

By Ada A. Mosher

When dey talks ter me er grapes
Er all sizes en all shapes,
I jis squint and say: "Go 'long!
Ebber tase er scuppernong?
One dem late uns, brown and wine-y
Dat done ripe in old Ka'liny?
One er dem what lasses ober
Twel erlong clost to October:
What done hole on tight en suck
All de summer fo' dey pluck?
Nuffin unnerneaf de sun
Tase perzacly jis lak one!
Got mo rain en sun en dew
Inside hit dan any two
Bunches er yo ole Concord!
I done heerd——but I haint saw'd——
Dat er bunch long as mah laig:
Dey mought be one to er kaig,
En dat's fechin sumpin strong——
Dey kyant tech de Scuppernong!
Whole bunch haint but two er three:
But dey's p—yore, p—yore Qual-i-tee!"

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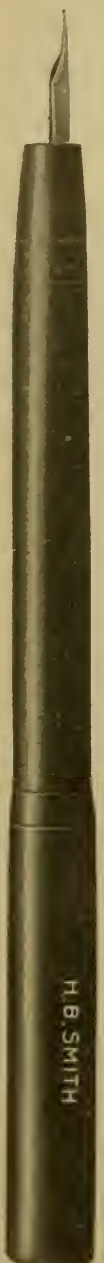

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